

NO.
38

PEP



THE SHIELD

APRIL

LOOK! COMICS' GREATEST SENSATION
ARCHIE — MIRTH OF A NATION!

10¢



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 17

WELL, one of our members has at last brought up a subject that has scared many a good man silly in the past. We knew of course that it was coming up some day and we'd have to face it. Anyway, Billy Myers of Cruskin Apartments, Market St. in Kittanning, Pennsylvania suggested in his excellent letter that we send out signatures of both Dusty and myself with the regular club emblem. This is kinda embarrassing because we didn't know that anyone thought the signatures of the Shield and Dusty that valuable. Dusty is especially flattered and from the way he's flexing his right arm it looks as though he's getting ready for the flood of requests. Well, fellow members, what do you think of the idea? Let's have opinion on the subject from everybody. Don't forget that it's up to you club members to see to it that we don't get rusty. An idea a month from every boy and girl is just what is needed to keep the old blood pumping through the club veins.

Billy is also a great little worker for the Shield G-Men for he's promised to recruit at least one more member by Christmas. Now that's the kind of Christmas present we should all give to our fellow club members—a brand new member to share our good fellowship. You boys out there might be interested to know that the idea of recruiting a member every month was originated by a girl, pretty member Janice Rheinman of 34 Poplar Street, Remington, Arizona. Now what do you all say, shall we shift into high gear and spread the good word of the Shield G-Men far and wide over our land? Any improvements on the idea are more than welcome.

While I'm on the subject of ideas, Dusty thought up one this morning that for practicality had us all down here at headquarters gasping. It concerns the difficult subjects of gifts for birthdays and such and seems such an excellent way of solving the problem that I'm passing it on to you for consideration. Here it is:

If you're ever stuck for something to give a girl or boy friend on his or her birthday or special occasion, why not buy a complete set of MLJ Comic Books, wrap them up with the usual ribbons and stuff and mark on the package: Prescription for the Blues. Take One Book Every Day.

If the occasion arises in the near future, I recommend the new Archie Comics for laughs and Top-Notch and the latest Zip for thrills. You can't miss with these splendid magazines. And don't forget that the Shield Wizard is a darn good mag, too.

Keep the letters coming, fellows and girls!

Outstanding letters received from:--

KENNETH BLAKELY

JOSEPH BIVONA

ESTELLE HARNICK

43-17 Browne St., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

410 E. 11th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

809 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Joe Higgins (The Shield)

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City**

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



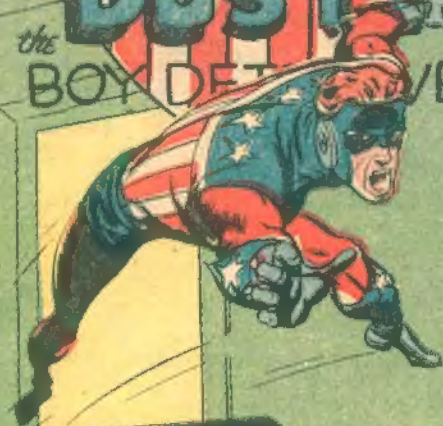
NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE



THE SHIELD AND DUSTY HAVE MATCHED STRENGTH AND WITS WITH AMERICA'S WORST ENEMIES AND ALWAYS WON - BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY CLASH WITH THE DEVIL EYED DOCTOR OF NAZIDOM! THE MAN WHO THRU HYPNOSIS MADE HITLER THE DEMON HE IS - AND HE IS NOW IN AMERICA USING HIS POWERS OVER HUMAN MINDS TO MAKE PATRIOTS INTO TRAITORS!

JOE HIGGINS IS RETURNING HOME AFTER A FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR CLUES IN AN INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND ROBBERY AT A DEFENSE PLANT--

A SHOT! IT MUST HAVE COME FROM THAT LIGHTED WINDOW!

IN THE OFFICES OF THE CITADEL TRUST COMPANY----

I KNOW IT'S AN INSIDE JOB-- BUT WHO COULD THE TRAITORS BE?

WHO'D BE HERE AT THIS HOUR? WHAT'S THAT?

GOOD LORD! IT'S WILKES! HE'S STILL BREATHING!

SHIELD! THIS ISN'T SUICIDE IT'S MURDER! BEFORE I DIE LET ME TELL YOU!-- BEEN MIXED UP IN THE INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND THEFTS---- FIFTH COLUMN WORK---- COULDN'T HELP IT 'TIL TONIGHT! I THREATENED TO TALK--- OTHERS ARE BENSON, FRASER, PARKER AND PETERS!

ENOUGH DIAMONDS STOLEN TO RUIN AMERICAN WAR PRODUCTION--- THEY'LL BE SMUGGLED TO GERMANY BY U-BOATS THIS FRIDAY NIGHT--- WE'RE JUST SMALL FRY-- THE MAN TO

GET IS THAT FIEND WHO DUPED US--- AAAGGHH!

DIED JUST TOO SOON! I'D BETTER LET THE POLICE DISCOVER THE BODY! IF THE MAN BEHIND THIS THINKS HIS PLAN TO SILENCE WILKES WORKED, HE'LL GET CARELESS! MUSTN'T SCARE HIM, HE MIGHT DISPOSE OF THE DIAMONDS!

JOE, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT?

WALKING AND THINKING, DUSTY I STUMBLED ONTO THE FIRST CLUE TO THE DIAMOND ROBBERIES!

I WANT TO SEND THIS LETTER TO HOOVER, RIGHT AWAY?

I'LL MAIL IT FOR YOU, JOE- YOU MUST BE PRETTY TIRED?... I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE, THO? TO HEAR THE WHOLE STORY? IS IT ABOUT THE DIAMONDS?

AS DUSTY MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE STREET TO A MAIL BOX-----



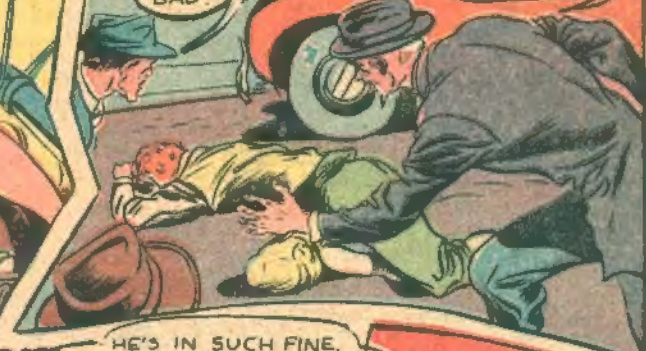
FOOL? YOU SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN ON? WHY DID YOU HAVE TO STOP?

HEY-- WATCH OUT!



GEE, MISTER? IS HE HURT BAD?

I CAN'T TELL YET? GET HIM IN MY CAR AT ONCE! I'M A DOCTOR?



YOU ARE SUCH A STUPID CREATURE!!! FIRST TO HIT HIM-- THEN TO STOP!! NOW I MUST TREAT HIM, AND HE MAY DIE ON MY HANDS?

AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE--

HE'S IN SUCH FINE, PHYSICAL CONDITION, HE HAS HARDLY BEEN INJURED AT ALL- JUST A MINOR CONCUSSION? THIS PAPER MAY IDENTIFY HIM!

FATHER, WHY MUST YOU BE SO HATEFUL? YOU KNOW IT WAS AN ACCIDENT? YOU'RE A DOCTOR- YOU COULDN'T LEAVE HIM THERE? WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU, LATELY?



J. E. Hoover
713 B 2
Washington
D.C.

It seems unbelievable that the men mentioned should be traitors, for they are all leaders in the industry field - but I believe Wilkes shall try to discover who the leader is before Friday grows dark. If you do put your men on the trail of the other, they may lead you to him, but wait til Friday, you are the only person to know of this besides Dusty.

SUCH AMAZING LUCK! THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY THE SHIELD! BY THE LORD HARRY THIS BOY MUST BE DUSTY, THE BOY DETECTIVE, THEN! BUT I MUST MAKE SURE! FIRST I MUST CALL A GENERAL MEETING OF MY COLLEAGUES AT ONCE!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME STAY WITH HIM, FATHER - ISN'T HE NICE LOOKING?

STOP JABBERING - TRY TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HIM! I'LL BE BACK!

WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID I GET IN THIS ROOM?

SHHH! LIE BACK OR YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF! YOU WERE IN AN ACCIDENT!

HE WOKE UP LONG ENOUGH TO SAY THAT JOE HIGGINS, CHELSEA 2-2530 SHOULD BE NOTIFIED! SHALL I PHONE HIM?

NO! I'LL ATTEND TO IT - JUST STAY WITH HIM UNTIL I COME BACK!

I WONDER WHY THE DOCTOR CALLED US HERE TODAY?

GENTLEMEN! I TRUST YOU READ OF WILKES 'SUICIDE' - IF THAT DIDN'T CONVINCE YOU OF THE NEED FOR OBEDIENCE - I HOPE THIS LETTER WILL!

MY GOD! THE SHIELD LISTS ALL OUR NAMES BUT THE DOCTOR'S!

YOU PROMISED TO PROTECT US KLEE!

HOW DID YOU GET THIS FROM REACHING HOOVER?

YOU ARE STILL SAFE, FOOLS - ONLY BECAUSE I MANAGED TO INTERCEPT THIS LETTER! YOU BRING IN THE REST OF THE DIAMONDS AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SHIELD! YOU SEE I HAVE DISCOVERED HIS TRUE IDENTITY! BY TOMORROW THE SHIELD WILL BE DEAD!

LATER IN THE DAY, AT DUSTY'S BEDSIDE -

AH - THE BOY'S HALF AWAKE, NOW TO USE MY POWERS OF HYPNOSIS ON HIM! DUSTY LOOK AT ME - LOOK INTO MY EYES - DEEP INTO MY EYES -

HUH!

REMEMBER --- YOU MUST OBEY!
YOU MUST KILL THAT FRIEND
OF YOURS TONIGHT---
KILL--KILL---KILL!

HY THERE DUSTY!
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN
ALL DAY? I BEGAN
TO WORRY ABOUT
YOU!

OH, I JUST WANDERED
AROUND --- I'M
PRETTY TIRED ---
THINK I'LL GO TO
BED -- G'NIGHT!

FUNNY, THAT DOESN'T SOUND AT ALL
LIKE DUSTY! HE DIDN'T EVEN ASK
WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT - OR IF I GOT
ANY FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT THE
DIAMOND ROBBERIES!
I WONDER IF HE'S
OKAY?

I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE
TO SAY GOODBYE TO
THAT NICE BOY BEFORE
HE LEFT! I WONDER
HOW HE IS? -- I'LL
CALL WHILE
FATHER IS
OUT!

HELLO ---
MAY I SPEAK
TO DUSTY, PLEASE?

I'M SORRY -- HE'S GONE
TO BED -- CAN I TAKE
A MESSAGE FOR HIM?
THIS IS JOE HIGGINS
SPEAKING!

WHY YES -- THIS IS ELISE
KLEE -- I JUST WONDERED
HOW HE WAS FEELING AFTER
HIS ACCIDENT ---
I GUESS MY
FATHER SPOKE
TO YOU!

ACCIDENT? WHAT HAP-
PENED! --- OH, I SEE ---
NO YOUR FATHER DIDN'T
CALL ME TODAY --- YOU
SAY YOUR FATHER IS
DR. JOSEPH KLEE? ---
THANK YOU VERY MUCH,
I'LL TELL DUSTY ---
GOODNIGHT!

NOW, WHY DIDN'T
DUSTY TELL ME
WHAT HAPPENED?
WHY DIDN'T THE
DOCTOR CALL? LET'S
SEE WHO HE IS---



KLEE, JOSEPHA.
LEADING PSYCHIATRIST.
PRACTICED IN GERMANY
TILL 1937. MEMBER OF
HYPNOTIC SOCIETY!

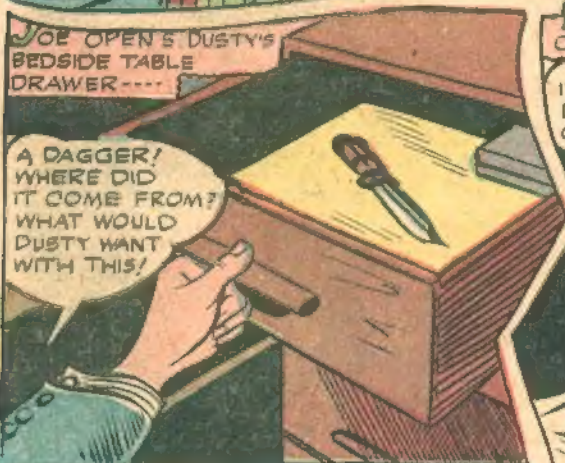


SLEEPING PILLS! THAT'S NOT
LIKE DUSTY! UNLESS THE
DOCTOR PRESCRIBED THEM!
I WONDER IF HE GAVE HIM
ANYTHING ELSE TO TAKE!



JOE OPENS DUSTY'S
BEDSIDE TABLE
DRAWER----

A DAGGER!
WHERE DID
IT COME FROM?
WHAT WOULD
DUSTY WANT
WITH THIS!



BACK IN HIS
OWN ROOM--

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! I'D TRUST
DUSTY WITH MY LIFE! HE
COULDN'T DO ANY INTENTIONAL
WRONG!

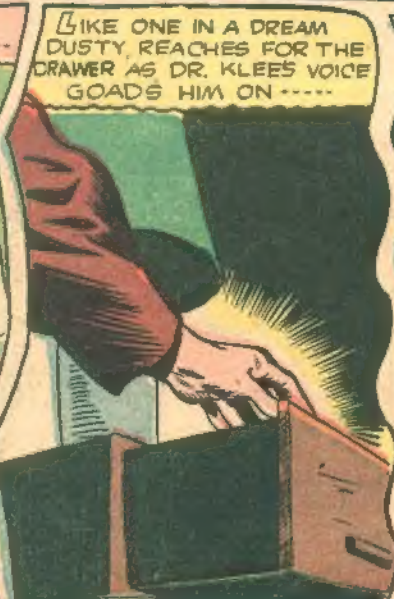


LATER THAT NIGHT DUSTY
AWAKES IN A COLD SWEAT----

WAKE UP AND DO MY
BIDDING! GET THE
KNIFE FROM THE
DRAWER!



LIKE ONE IN A DREAM
DUSTY REACHES FOR THE
DRAWER AS DR. KLEES VOICE
GOADS HIM ON ----



STILL UNDER THE HYPNOTIC
SPELL, DUSTY ENTERS
JOE'S BEDROOM----

GO TO HIS
ROOM, THE
KNIFE IN YOUR
HAND!



RELENTLESSLY THE VOICE
WITHIN HIS MIND ORDERS HIM
TO KILL ---



HELLO! POLICE? ... I
JUST COMMITTED MURDER!
YES --- JOE HIGGINS,
THE G-MAN!

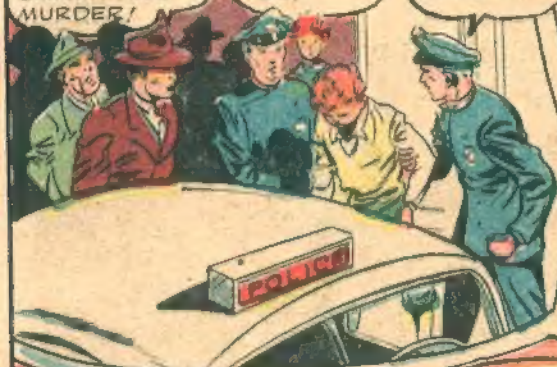


IMAGINE A YOUNG
KID LIKE THAT
COMMITTING
MURDER!

AND HIS
BEST FRIEND
TOO!

GET IN
THERE YUH
LITTLE PUNK!

HA, HA! THE
PERFECT CRIME!
WHETHER THEY
KEEP IT A SECRET
OR NOT I KNOW
THE SHIELD
IS DEAD!



CITY MORGUE

THE MORNING PAPERS
HEADLINE THE STORY!

★ TELEGRAM

JOE HIGGINS
MURDERED BY
FRIEND

MR LRL
PICKETT
1/4/71

IT'S A PLEASURE TO
DRINK TO THE SHIELD
DEAD! WITH HIM OUT OF
THE WAY YOU ARE STILL
UNSUSPECTED! WHO WOULD
DREAM THAT GREAT MEN
LIKE YOU WOULD ROB
YOUR OWN PLANTS!



DUSTY REMEMBERS NOTHING
EXCEPT THAT HE KILLED JOE ---



HOOVER HAS HEARD OF
JOE HIGGIN'S DEATH AND
ARRIVES AT THE MORGUE --
THIS IS A TERRIBLE
THING! WHERE'S THE BODY?

RIGHT THIS
WAY, MR. HOOVER!





EVEN COVERED BY THE SHEET IT LOOKS LIKE HIGGINS! IT CAN'T BE, THOUGH! HE CAN'T BE DEAD!



GOSH CHIEF I'M SURE GLAD YOU GOT HERE -- ANOTHER HOUR AND I'D HAVE BEEN FROZEN STIFF!

SHIELD!
YOU'RE ALIVE!
WHAT'S GOING ON?

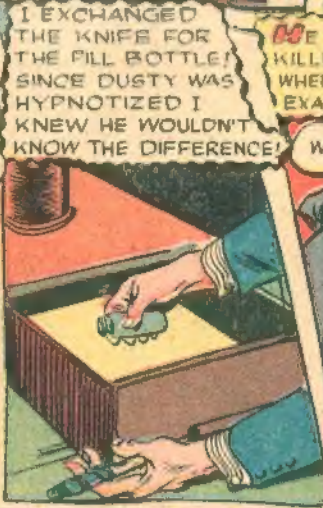


YOU DIDN'T GET MY LETTER! THAT EXPLAINS A LOT! I WONDERED HOW KLEE GUESSED I WAS THE SHIELD! HE MUST'VE GOTTEN HIS HANDS ON IT SOMEHOW!



--- WHEN I FOUND THAT DUSTY HAD BEEN TREATED BY DR. KLEE, A MASTER HYPNOTIST, I WAS CERTAIN THAT KNIFE WAS MEANT FOR ME!

YES -- BUT YOU DIDN'T STOP DUSTY! HE STILL THINKS HE KILLED YOU! WHAT HAPPENED?



I EXCHANGED THE KNIFE FOR THE PILL BOTTLE! SINCE DUSTY WAS HYPNOTIZED I KNEW HE WOULDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!



HE THOUGHT HE KILLED ME -- BUT WHEN THE MEDICAL EXAMINER CAME --

WHY THIS MAN'S...

STEADY! ACT AS IF I'D BEEN MURDERED -- BUT SEND WORD TO HOOVER TO COME TO THE MORGUE!



I HATED TO FOOL DUSTY! BUT IT HAD TO LOOK LIKE THE PERFECT CRIME TO FOOL THAT DEVIL DR. KLEE!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WON'T YOU NEED HELP?

I'M HEADED FOR KLEE'S PLACE, I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE! SEND SOME MEN AS SOON AS YOU CAN!

THE SHIELD ARRIVES
AT DR. KLEE'S HOME.

MY FATHER? HE
LEFT FOR KEYPOINT
THIS MORNING! BUT -
YOU'RE THE SHIELD!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT TO SEE HIM
FOR?

NO TIME
TO EXPLAIN!
WHAT'S THE
FASTEST WAY
TO GET THERE?

WE CAN TAKE
THE PRIVATE AM-
BULANCE! I'LL
SHOW YOU THE
WAY!

LET'S
GO!

THE SHIELD AND DR. KLEE'S
DAUGHTER RACE TOWARD KEY-
POINT....

HOPE I'M STILL
IN TIME! YOU
STAY IN THE
CAR! THIS ISN'T
A PICNIC!

BUT YOU STILL
HAVEN'T TOLD ME
WHAT'S HAPPENED!

YOU'LL
KNOW SOON ENOUGH
MISS KLEE!

EMPTY AS A PICKED
POCKET! COULD THAT
GIRL BE IN ON THIS WITH
HER FATHER?



SOMEONE'S IN
THAT VAULT!

THE
SHIELD SWINGS
BACK THE HEAVY DOOR.

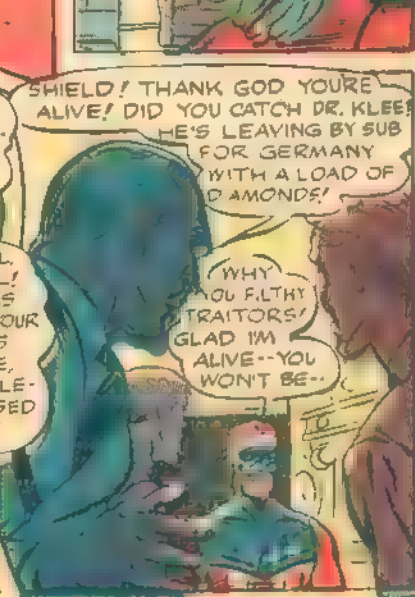
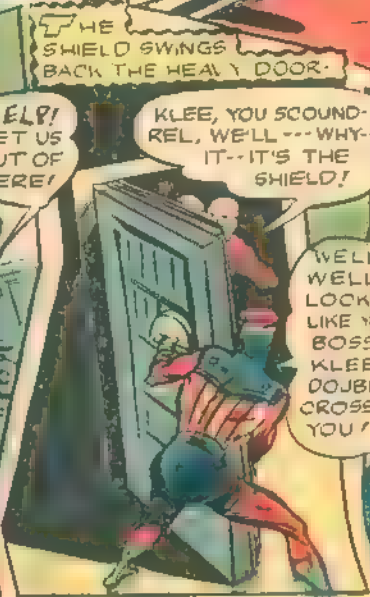
HELP!
LET US
OUT OF
HERE!

KLEE, YOU SCOUND-
REL, WE'LL --- WHY--
IT--IT'S THE
SHIELD!

SHIELD! THANK GOD YOU'RE
ALIVE! DID YOU CATCH DR. KLEE?
HE'S LEAVING BY SUB
FOR GERMANY
WITH A LOAD OF
DIAMONDS!

WELL,
WELL!
LOOKS
LIKE YOUR
BOSS
KLEE,
DOUBLE-
CROSSED
YOU!

WHY
YOU FILTHY
TRAITORS!
GLAD I'M
ALIVE--YOU
WON'T BE--



YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE US SHIELD!
WE WERE PATIENTS OF KLEE! UNDER
THE GUISE OF MEDICAL TREATMENT
HE HYPNOTIZED US AND FORCED
US TO STEAL DIAMONDS FROM
OUR OWN PLANTS! JUST BEFORE
HE LEFT HE BROKE THE SPELL
SO WE'D KNOW WHAT WE DID!



THIS BETTER
NOT BE A
TRICK!

SUDDENLY INCENDIARY
BOMBS SET BY KLEE EX-
PLODE!

GOOD LORD! WE'LL
NEVER GET OUT OF
HERE ALIVE!



A WALL OF FLAME BLOCKS
THEIR WAY!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS
TO RUN FOR IT!
LET'S GO!



RIGHT BEHIND
THE SANITARIUM!
THAT DEVIL KLEE
HAD EVERYTHING
PLANNED TO
PERFECTION!

GOOD! YOU
MADE IT! NOW
QUICK, WHERE'S
THE DOCK?



SHIELD! THERE'S KLEE
AND THE NAZIS NOW!
THEY'RE LOADING THE
DIAMONDS!



SHIELD! YOU'LL BE
KILLED! THOSE
NAZI SEAMEN HAVE
TOMMY GUNS! YOU
CAN'T HANDLE
THEM ALONE!

HURRY, TAKE THE DIAMONDS
AND HAND OUT THE EXPLOSIVES.
I WANT TO FINISH THAT
SANITARIUM COMPLETELY-
IF MY INCENDIARIES
HAVEN'T ALREADY
DONE SO!

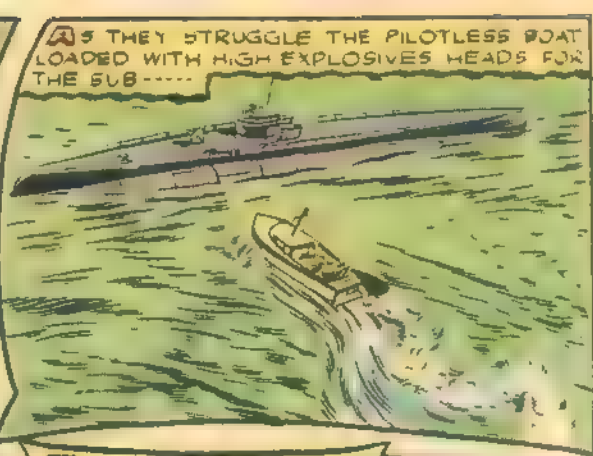


THERE MUST BE NO
TRACE OF ME LEFT BE-
HIND... WHA-- THE SHIELD
BUT-- BUT-- YOU'RE DEAD!

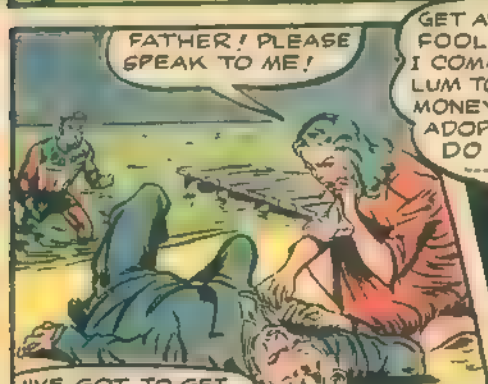
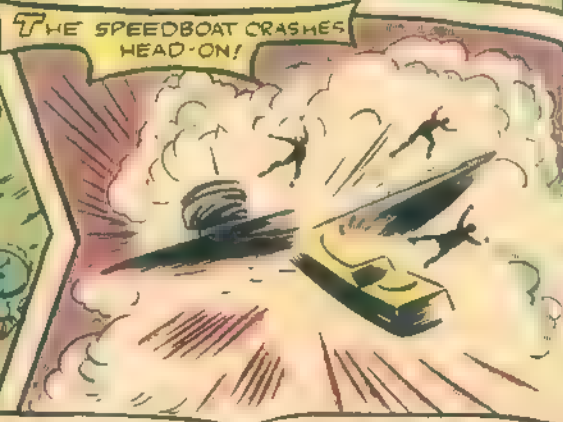
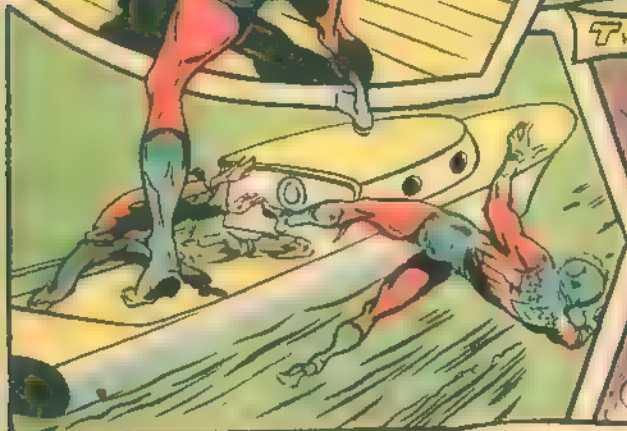




LEGGO THAT WHEEL!
I'M NOT READY TO MEET
YOUR SHIPMATES
YET!



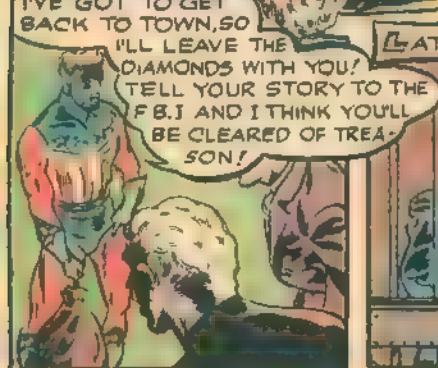
AS THEY STRUGGLE THE PILOTLESS BOAT
LOADED WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVES HEADS FOR
THE SUB-----



FATHER! PLEASE
SPEAK TO ME!

GET AWAY FROM ME YOU LITTLE
FOOL I'M NOT YOUR FATHER!
I COMMITTED HIM TO AN ASY-
LUM TO GET CONTROL OF HIS
MONEY, HAD TO
ADOPT YOU TO
DO IT! WISH-
---AGGH

DON'T CRY, ELISE! HE HAD
IT COMING TO HIM! WHEN
I GET TO TOWN I'LL HAVE
THE AUTHORITIES LOCATE
YOUR REAL FATHER!



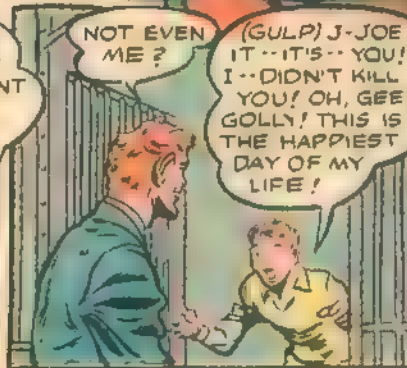
I'VE GOT TO GET
BACK TO TOWN, SO

I'LL LEAVE THE
DIAMONDS WITH YOU!
TELL YOUR STORY TO THE
F.B.I AND I THINK YOU'LL
BE CLEARED OF TREA-
SON!

LATER--

VISITOR
TO SEE
YOU!

LEAVE ME
ALONE! I
DON'T WANT
TO SEE
ANYONE!



NOT EVEN
ME?

(GULP) J-JOE
IT--IT'S-- YOU!
I--DIDN'T KILL
YOU! OH, GEE
GOLLY! THIS IS
THE HAPPIEST
DAY OF MY
LIFE!

FLANNGAMAN



EXTRA ★★★ DAILY STAR EXTRA ★★★
THE CRIME BEHIND THE NOOSE

MANY FEATURES GO
TO MAKE UP THE FRONT
PAGE OF THE DAILY
STAR --- IN THESE PAGES
YOU WILL FIND LOVE,
DEATH, LAUGHTER ---
AND THE **HAVE •**
MAN'S NOOSE!
(STORY CONT' ON PAGE 2)



VIRGINIA PARKER
SUB - DEB
(STORY ON PAGE 4)

B. F. F.

PAGE TWO

THE DAILY STAR
FOR INSTANCE, HERE
ARE THREE STORIES
SEEMINGLY UNRE-
LATED---BUT IN
REALITY THEY ARE
FOOTSTEPS OF A
BLOODY TRAIL--A
TRAIL DESTINED TO
LEAD TO THE --
GALLOWES!!

OUR FIRST SCENE
IS IN THE EDITOR
OFFICE OF THE
**DAILY
STAR--**

MAKE IT SNAPPY,
COPY BOY. I'VE GOT
TO CHECK THE PROOFS
ON **ITEMS ONE, TWO
AND THREE! HURRY!**

COMING,
SIR.

UNIDENTIFIED BODY WASHED UP ON BEACH

A STRANGE
SCENE TOOK
PLACE TO-DAY
AS A GROUP OF
MEN HUDDLED
ROUND A BODY
THAT HAD BEEN
WASHED UP ON
POINTERS BEACH.

"BODY WASHED UP ON
THE BEACH"--LET US
PEER INTO THE STORY
BEHIND THE COLD PRINT.
A GROUP OF MEN ARE
GATHERED AROUND THE
WASHED UP BODY."

UGH! WHAT A MESS!
THAT GUY MUSTA BEEN
FISH FOOD FOR A
LONG TIME!

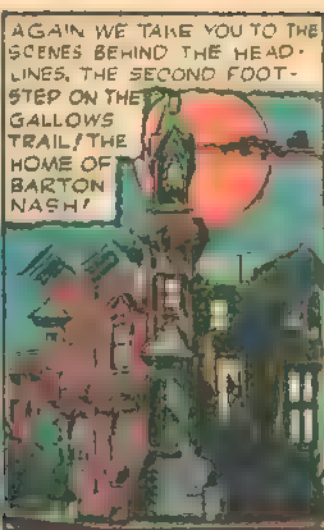
HEY--LOOK, THIS FUNNY
MARK ON HIS CHEST!
THAT WASN'T DONE BY NO
FISH! LOOKS LIKE A SPIDER.
OH, WELL! LET'S CALL THE
POLICE!

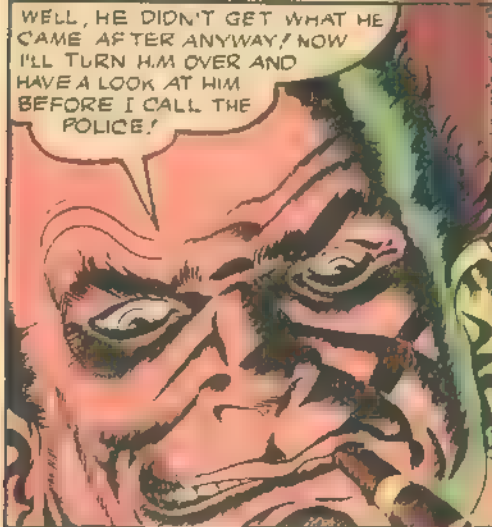
NOT MUCH CHANCE OF IDENTIFYING HIM
BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM TO THE
MORGUE ANYWAY! GIVE ME A HAND
WILL YOU?

CITY MORGUE

DEATH AT NASH MANSION

EARLY THIS
MORNING BAR-
TON NASH THE
WEALTHY RE-
CLUSE, ACCIDENT-
ALLY SHOT JOHN
SCOTT HIS OLD
FRIEND AND FAM-
ILY LAWYER. BE-
LIEVING MR SCOTT
TO BE A PROWLER





WELL, HE DIDN'T GET WHAT HE
CAME AFTER ANYWAY, NOW
I'LL TURN HIM OVER AND
HAVE A LOOK AT HIM
BEFORE I CALL THE
POLICE!

THEN BARTON NASH
DOES A STRANGE
THING! HE BURNS
THE PHOTOGRAPH
TORN FROM
HIS ALBUM!



LATER--
WE JUST GOT A CALL
ABOUT A BURGLAR
SHOOTING. IS THIS
THE PLACE?

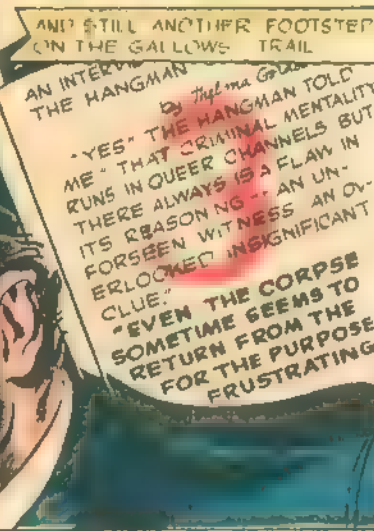
YES, BUT
IT WASN'T
A BURGLAR!
I SHOT--



IT WAS MY LAWYER WILLIAM SCOTT
I SHOT BEFORE I RECOGNIZED HIM!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE
SHOULD HAVE BEEN PROWLING
IN THE DARK! THIS HOUSE
WAS AS MUCH HIS
HOME AS MINE!



HMM... THAT BUREAU IS
TOUGH MR. NASH! I KNOW
HOW UPSET YOU MUST BE,
BUT THESE THINGS DO
HAPPEN!

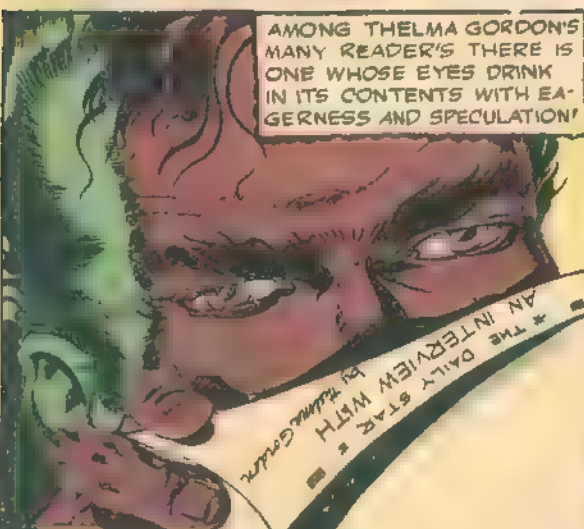


AND STILL ANOTHER FOOTSTEP
ON THE GALLOW'S TRAIL

AN INTERVIEW
THE HANGMAN

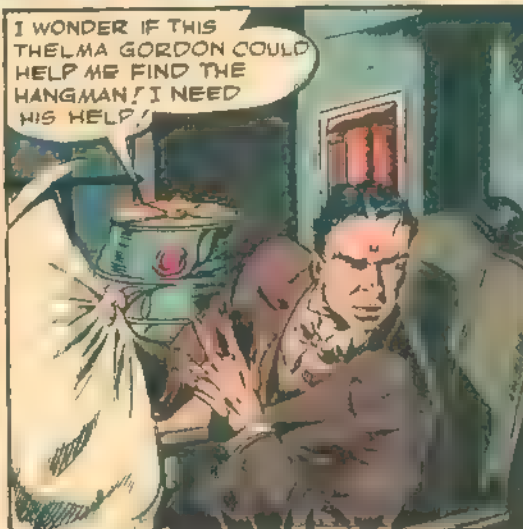
By Thelma Gordon
"YES" THE HANGMAN TOLD
ME " THAT CRIMINAL MENTALITY
RUNS IN QUEER CHANNELS BUT
THERE ALWAYS IS A FLAW IN
ITS REASONING -- AN UN-
FORSEEN WITNESS AN OV-
ERLOOKED INSIGNIFICANT
CLUE."

"EVEN THE CORPSE
SOMETIME SEEMS TO
RETURN FROM THE
FOR THE PURPOSE
FRUSTRATING



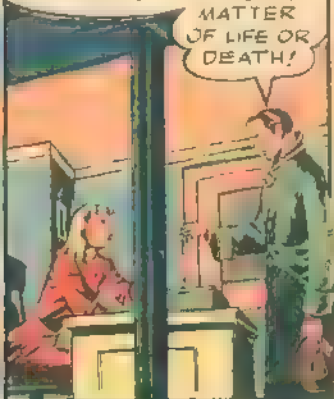
AMONG THELMA GORDON'S
MANY READER'S THERE IS
ONE WHOSE EYES DRINK
IN ITS CONTENTS WITH EA-
GERNESS AND SPECULATION!

* THE DAILY STAR *
AN INTERVIEW WITH
Thelma Gordon



I WONDER IF THIS
THELMA GORDON COULD
HELP ME FIND THE
HANGMAN! I NEED
HIS HELP!

LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF THE STAR MISS GORDON I READ YOUR COLUMN ABOUT THE HANG-MAN! CAN YOU HELP ME LOCATE HIM? IT MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!



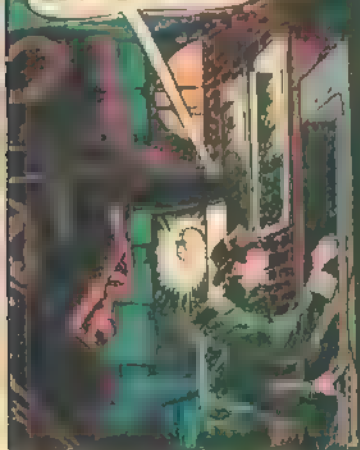
WHY YOU'RE TREMBLING---I THINK I CAN HELP YOU! A FRIEND OF MINE BOB DICKERING KNOWS THE HANGMAN



THELMA'S VISITOR LEAVES IN SEARCH OF BOB DICKERING, AND IN HIS CURIOUS HASTE, FAILS TO NOTICE AN OMINOUS FIGURE TRAILING HIM!



THIS IS THE ADDRESS MISS GORDON GAVE ME! I'VE GOT TO HURRY!



MY NAME'S JORGENSEN... AND MR. DICKERING! I... YOU'VE GOT USED TO BE A CASE FOR BURTON NASH'S HIM! I KNOW BUTLER YEAR'S MANY PEOPLE AGO! I READ COME TO ME THELMA GORDON'S BECAUSE I COLUMN ABOUT ONCE KNEW THE HANGMAN



IT'S VERY URGENT, SIR! DID YOU SEE THAT ITEM IN THE PAPER ABOUT UNIDENTIFIED BODY WASHED UP ON PONTIER'S BEACH? A BODY WITH A CERTAIN SPIDER MARK!



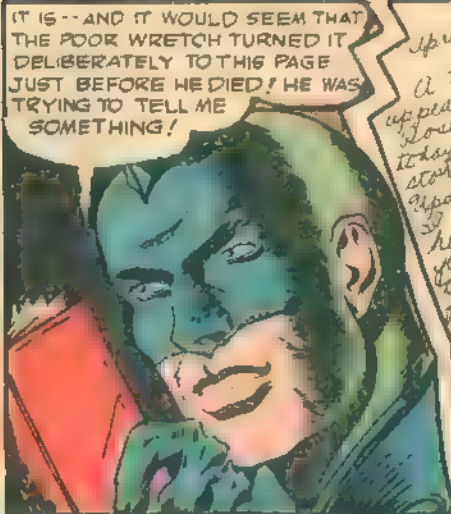
I KNOW THE RESULTS! THAT'S ONE OF THE NAME'S UGH!



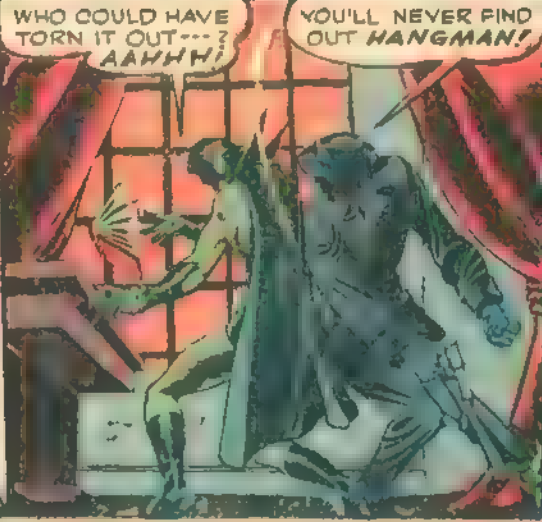
GREAT SCOTT!

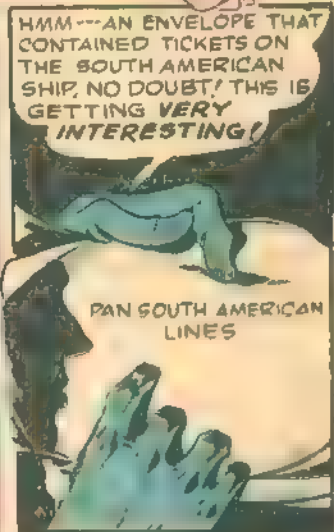
NOBODY GOT HERE! THAT GUN MAN BEAT IT PLenty FAST!





April 30, 1933
A terrible scandal appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* today, with the full story of poor *Updike's* suspicious death. I can't believe he did it, and yet what is one to believe? The paper printed a picture of Mr. Nash, Mr. Updike and myself taken on our fishing trip. Mr. Nash has it in his clipping book.







HERE IT IS--AND NOW IF I'M GOING TO FIND WHAT I'M AFTER, I'VE GOT TO FIND IT WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR!



I WANT TO SEE THE EDITOR AT ONCE!

ROSE MONT NEWS



NOW, JUST TO MAKE SURE I'VE GOT IT STRAIGHT--- APRIL 30, 1933---HERE IT IS!



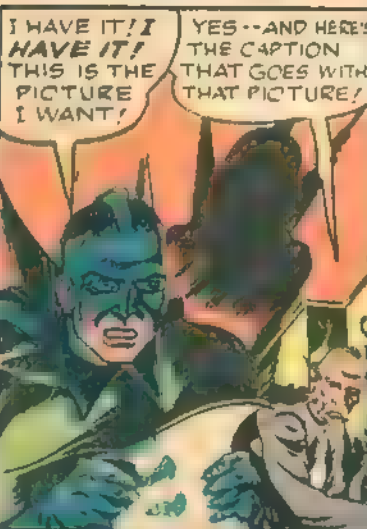
I'M THE EDITOR--- GREAT GRAVY--- YOU'RE THE **HANGMAN**, AREN'T YOU?



YES! I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR PICTURE FILE OF APRIL 30 1933!

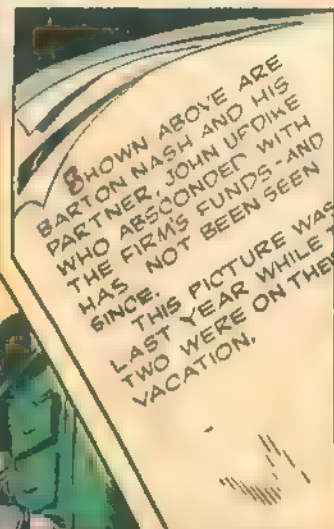


SECONDS LATER-- HERE'S A PRINT OF THE ONLY PICTURE WE PRINTED ON THAT DAY!



I HAVE IT! I HAVE IT! THIS IS THE PICTURE I WANT!

YES--AND HERE'S THE CAPTION THAT GOES WITH THAT PICTURE!



SHOWN ABOVE ARE BARTON NASH AND HIS PARTNER, JOHN UFDIKE WHO ABSCONDED WITH THE FIRM'S FUNDS--AND HAS NOT BEEN SEEN SINCE. THIS PICTURE WAS LAST YEAR WHILE TWO WERE ON THEIR VACATION.



YOU'VE HELPED ME A GREAT DEAL, OLD TIMER, SO LONG GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A MURDER!

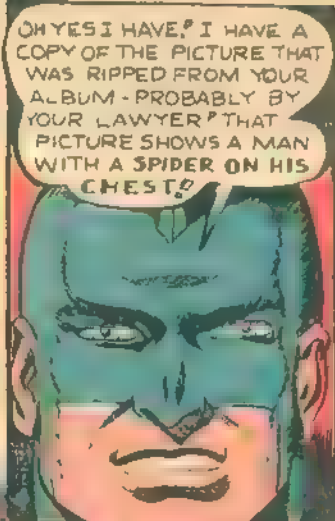
JEHOSEPHAT DID YOU SAY MURDER?





I KNOW YOU KILLED JOHN UPDIKE, YOUR FORMER PARTNER- AND THEN MURDERED YOUR LAWYER AND BUTLER TO KEEP THEM FROM TALKING?

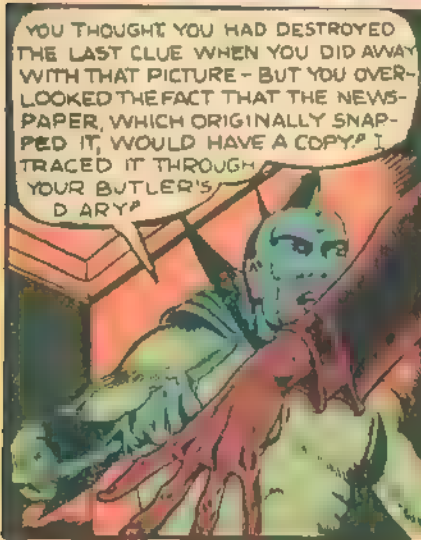
YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU HAVE NO PROOF!



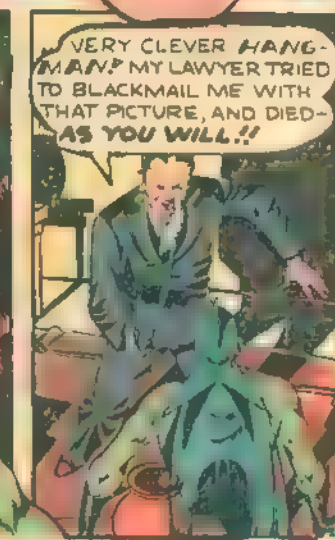
OH YES I HAVE! I HAVE A COPY OF THE PICTURE THAT WAS RIPPED FROM YOUR ALBUM- PROBABLY BY YOUR LAWYER! THAT PICTURE SHOWS A MAN WITH A SPIDER ON HIS CHEST!



THAT CORPSE WASHED UP ON THE BEACH ALSO HAD A SPIDER ON HIS CHEST! UPDIKE NEVER ABSCONDED WITH ANY FUNDS- YOU MURDERED HIM!



YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD DESTROYED THE LAST CLUE WHEN YOU DID AWAY WITH THAT PICTURE- BUT YOU OVERLOOKED THE FACT THAT THE NEWSPAPER, WHICH ORIGINALLY SNAPPED IT, WOULD HAVE A COPY! I TRACED IT THROUGH YOUR BUTLER'S DIARY!



VERY CLEVER HANG-MAN! MY LAWYER TRIED TO BLACKMAIL ME WITH THAT PICTURE, AND DIED- AS YOU WILL!!



MISSED ME, NASH! BUT YOU WON'T MISS YOUR FATE!



YES! I WAS I WHO TAMPERED WITH THE FIRM'S MONEY- NOT UPDIKE! BUT YOU'LL NEVER TURN ME IN!

I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE NASH!

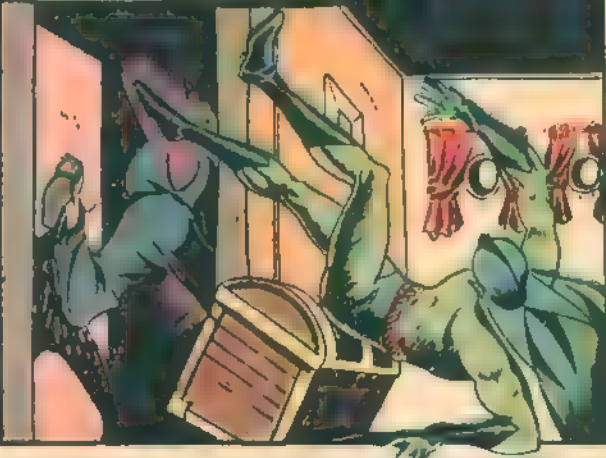


THIS TIME YOU'RE HEARING IT FROM SOMEBODY WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!



UGGGGGH!

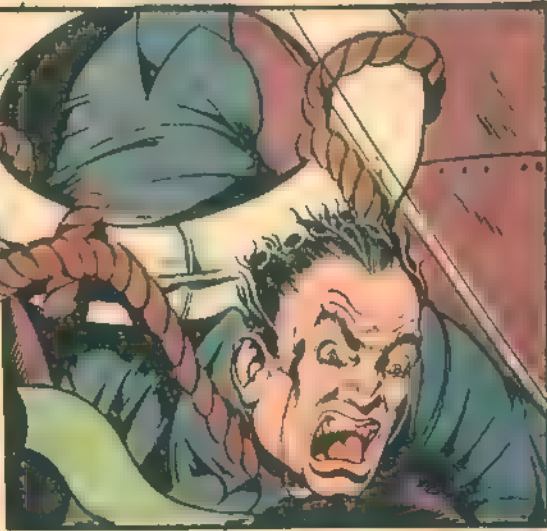
TRIPPING THE HANGMAN, THE VICIOUS KILLER DASHES OUT OF THE CAB N--



THE BOATS NOT TOO FAR FROM SHORE? IF I CAN REACH IT I'LL LOSE THAT BLASTED HANGMAN!



AS NASH LEAPS, HIS FOOT TANGLES WITH A LIFE PRESERVER, WHICH HURTTLES OVERBOARD WITH HIM AND-----



NO, BARTON NASH YOU DIDN'T ESCAPE YOUR FATE AFTER ALL!

AND SO, THE SHIP SAILS OUT TO SEA--BEARING WITH IT **THE HANGMAN**, GRIM DISPENSER OF JUSTICE, TO A NEW AND MORE SPECTACULAR ADVENTURE-----
"THE ADVENTURE OF THE SINGING CORPSE"

BE WITH THE HANGMAN IN THE NEXT, MORE THRILLING
PEP COMICS!



MURDER OUT OF MIND

A HANGMAN STORY

by Alan Barrister

THE shrill whistle of the Twentieth Century keened as the great streamlined train rushed from the tunnel and emerged into Jersey. The trip had begun. Nothing could now stop the roaring steel monster until it reached Chicago. Come wind, rain, floods, come earthquake or tornadoes, the Twentieth Century Limited would get there on time.

Bob Dickering, sitting in one of the coach compartments put away the personal notes he had made of his last case and prepared for bed. A neat and tidy person, it was only a few minutes before his clothes were put away in the tiny compartment provided for the purpose and he had donned a conservatively colored bathrobe.

"Haven't had any sleep for twenty four hours," he yawned to himself and rang for the porter.

"Pull out the bed, will you son?" he asked as the colored porter entered.

"Yassuh," the boy bent to the task but his eyes were wide open and glittering. This did not escape the notice of Bob Dickering, nor did he fail to glimpse the haunting terror in their depth.

"Anything wrong, son?" he asked and smiled sympathetically.

The porter bent up from his task and gazed about the compartment anxiously.

"Ah suppose ah shouldn't tell you, suh, but there is somethin' powerful wrong on board this here train," then his eyes made another circuit of the compartment.

"Yes?" Bob Dickering, ears keenly alert, bent closer.

"Well, suh," the boy gulped, "there's been a murder!"

"What? On the Twentieth Century? Nonsense, we've just left New York."

"I ain't kiddin, suh. A man was shot in the next car . . ."

"Alright, porter, you can go now." Bob fished in his wallet and handed the boy some small change.

As soon as the boy was gone, an astounding change came over the bland features of Bob Dickering. A hard light appeared in his eyes. Rapidly he peeled off his bathrobe and with the suddenness of thought was revealed as—The Hangman.

"They'll be around to my room, soon, anyway," he murmured to himself. "I think they'll appreciate some anticipating in the long run."

It took a bare thirty seconds to traverse the distance separ-

ating his room from the murder compartment.

"Hangman!" gasped the chief conductor from his position on the floor where he was examining the corpse. He extended a hand anxiously. "You have the darndest penchant for turning up in the right places."

"Thanks," replied the Hangman briefly. "But what about the police?"

The conductor shooed out the cluster of passengers who had given way in awe before the entrance of the famous guardian of justice and then closed in again, and shut the door.

"Impossible," he whispered. "We cannot stop the train. No one aboard has the authority to do so. Only a direct wire from the home office would have any effect!"

"Have you notified them?"

"Yes, of course, but you can be sure we'll get no reply until we reach Cleveland. Red tape, you see."

The Hangman considered this, the while gazing at the body of the man on the floor of the compartment. He bent down to examine the corpse.

"A totally unprecedented situation," he said softly and the chief conductor nodded.

The Hangman indicated the smoothly rounded hole in the dead man's head. "Hmmm, apparently penetrated just beneath the right ear, tore through the brain and emerged slightly above the left ear." He bent aside, groping along the floor board. "Ah," he breathed, "here it is," and held up a bullet shiny and speckled with blood.

"It must have come through there," said the conductor pointing to the hole in the compartment window. "By the way, know who he is?" he moved closer to the Hangman and his voice sank to a whisper.

"Great guns!" exclaimed the Hangman, taken aback. "The most famous literary refugee from Germany!"

"It certainly looks like murder," commented the conductor dryly.

Hangman toyed with the bullet.

"It could have been an accident," he said, then dismissing the idea, shook his head. "No, you are probably right. He has literally *thousands* of enemies, any one of which would be happier to kill him than inherit a million dollars. Keeping track of the movements of this man would have been easy for the man—or men—who apparently killed him. It wouldn't surprise me if they had stationed killers all along the line, at selected spots from here to Chicago. They may have reasoned that a few would miss, but at least one would succeed. Beautiful theory, isn't it?"

"That's the one I had," an-

nounced the conductor proudly.

Hangman ignored him. He rummaged carefully among the dead man's papers for awhile.

"Nothing here to indicate he expected to be shot at. A few personal notes of literary interest, some calling cards and money." He extracted an envelope from among the other papers and considered it. "A letter. The name above the return address indicates it must have been from a very close relative, possibly a member of his immediate family." He hesitated a moment, then opened the envelope, extracted the small folded sheet of cheap paper within and read it swiftly.

"Who's it from?" asked the conductor with justifiable curiosity.

The Hangman did not reply immediately. Something was happening to him. His tall form seemed to grow in stature. The already wide shoulders deepened. On the stern face appeared a look of implacable hatred.

"From his mother," he said finally, "telling him that the Nazis had finally shot his wife and two children."

"Hangman," gasped the conductor and his eyes went wide, for on the eastern wall of the room had suddenly appeared the shadow of the gallows and the noose—yawning toward the east, toward Germany.

"It was not murder," said the Hangman, slowly. "It was *suicide*. Or rather, it was not murder as we understand it,

but long-range torture that finally drove this man to take his life. I suspected as much when I examined the bullet and the hole in the window. Driven to desperation, afraid to let the world know he had died a helpless coward, he fired a bullet through the glass pane—*outward*—the direction of the bullet was plainly indicated. I knew the bullet which killed him had not passed through glass because it was not characteristically scratched. A bullet fired through glass at the short range from which it was supposed to have been fired could not possibly have penetrated both sides of the skull. Having prepared what he thought was the evidence that would convince the world he was murdered, he then carefully calculated the angle at which the murder bullet would have traveled through his skull and committed suicide. The fatal missile showed nothing but the marks to be seen in such a case."

"Everything fits, doesn't it?" asked the conductor, somewhat shamefacedly. He seemed almost sorry that his original theory had not been confirmed.

The shadow of the gallows on the eastern wall thickened, grew heavier, gained substance and solidity.

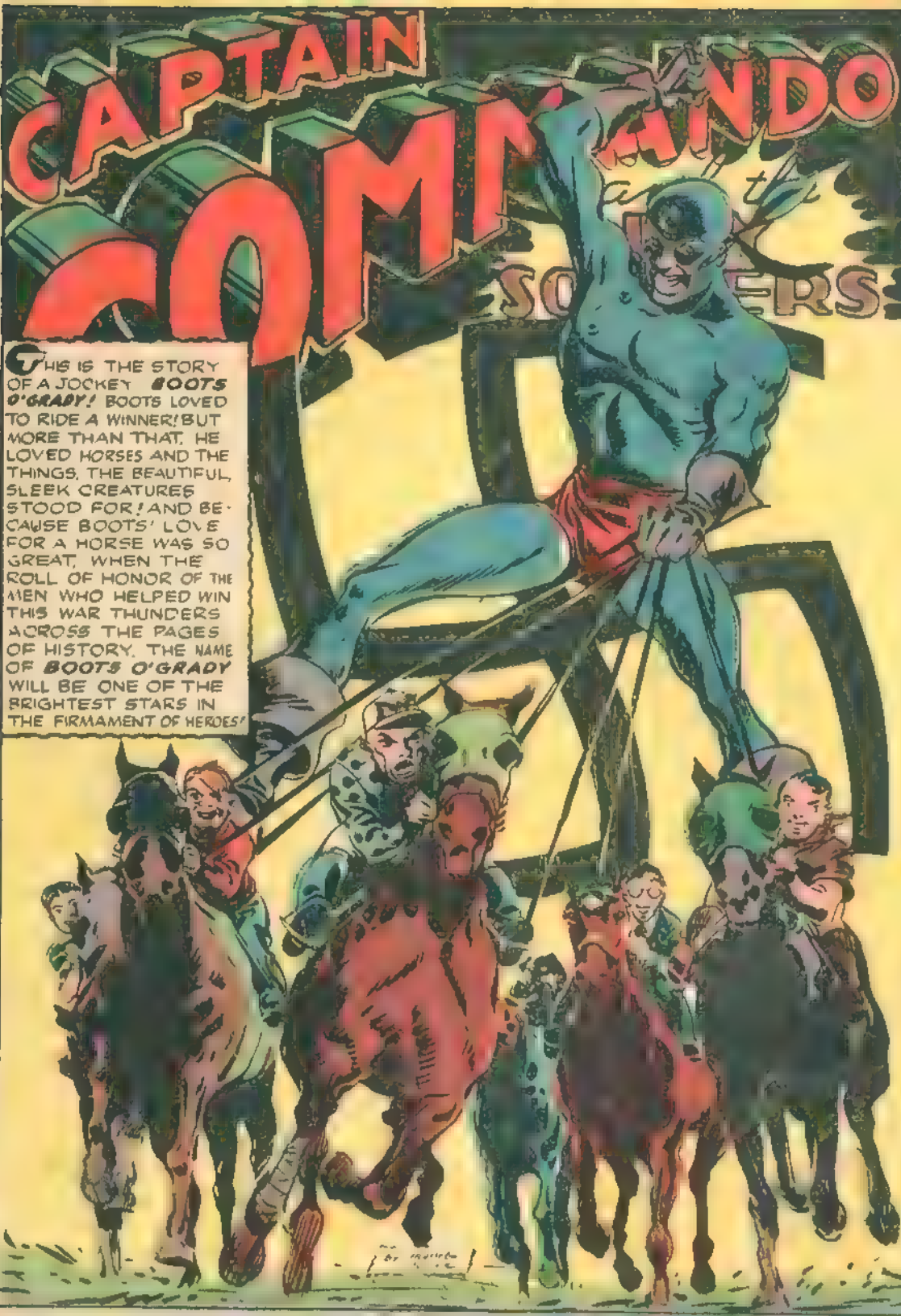
"Everything but the vengeance of the Hangman—which in this case must wait . . ." The cloaked and hooded figure moved slowly out the door into the crowded corridor.

". . . but it will not wait long!"

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

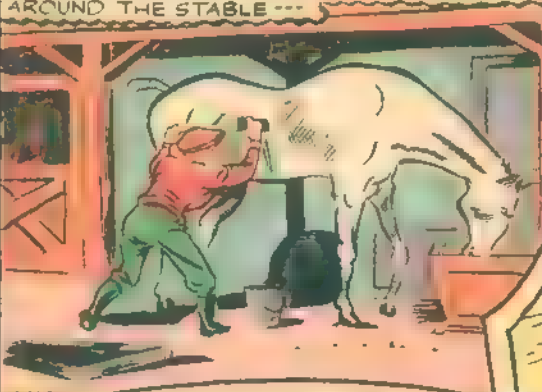
SO FORTH

THIS IS THE STORY OF A JOCKEY **BOOTS O'GRADY!** BOOTS LOVED TO RIDE A WINNER! BUT MORE THAN THAT, HE LOVED HORSES AND THE THINGS, THE BEAUTIFUL, SLEEK CREATURES STOOD FOR! AND BECAUSE BOOTS' LOVE FOR A HORSE WAS SO GREAT, WHEN THE ROLL OF HONOR OF THE MEN WHO HELPED WIN THIS WAR THUNDERS ACROSS THE PAGES OF HISTORY, THE NAME OF **BOOTS O'GRADY** WILL BE ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN THE FIRMAMENT OF HERDES!



AS A CHILD BOOTS O'GRADY WAS A FAMILIAR SIGHT CURRYING HORSES AND DOING ALL SORTS OF NECESSARY TASKS AROUND THE STABLE ---

... HIS GREAT LOVE AND TREMENDOUS KNOWLEDGE OF HORSES HELPED HIM BLOSSOM INTO ONE OF THE FINEST JOCKEYS

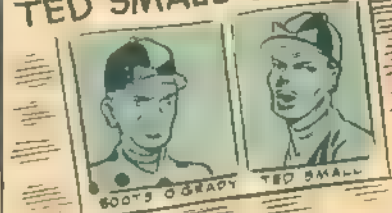


SO IT WAS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHEN HE WAS PICKED TO RIDE ONE OF THE FAVORITES IN THE GREATEST RACE OF THE SEASON, THE ARLINGTON DERBY ---

A CHANCE REMARK MADE AT THE STABLE BEFORE RACE TIME IS OVERHEARD BY ONE OF THE OFFICIALS ---

TURF TALK

BOOTS O'GRADY TO RIDE SUREFOOT AGAINST RIVAL TED SMALL ON KLAXON



HEY BOOTS - IF YA HAD A MILLION BUCKS WOULD YA BET IT ON YOUR NAG TO WIN TO-DAY'S RACE?

IF I HAD A MILLION BERRIES - WHICH I AMN GOT - I'D LAY IT ALL ON KLAXON, CAUSE I THINK HE'S THE BETTER HORSE!



WHEN THE OTHERS LEAVE, BOOTS, IS ACCOSTED BY THE RACE TRACK OFFICIAL ---

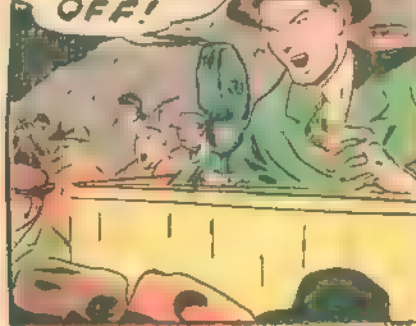
I HEARD WHAT YOU LISTEN, I SAID - IF YOU'RE NEVER PULLED THINKING OF A CROOKED STUNT AND I AIN'T AMIN' TO NOW! IF THROWING THIS RACE THINK TWICE - I'VE GOT A LOT OF SUREFOOT! SUNK ON IT'S BECAUSE HE AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH!

OH YEAH? THE RACING COMMISSION MIGHT THINK OTHERWISE!

HIT THE ROAD BUM! BEFORE I SIC THE TRACK 'BULLS' ON YOU!

A SHORT WHILE LATER -

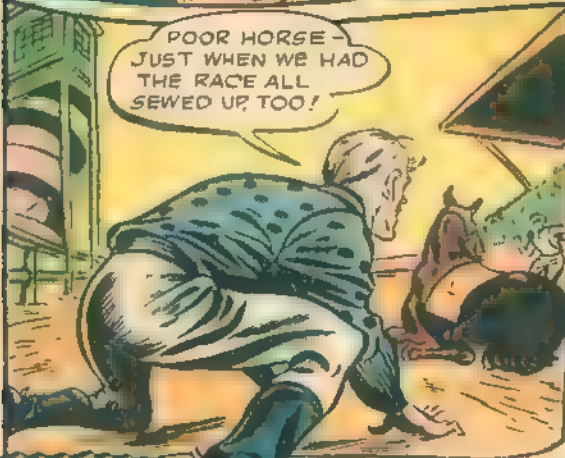
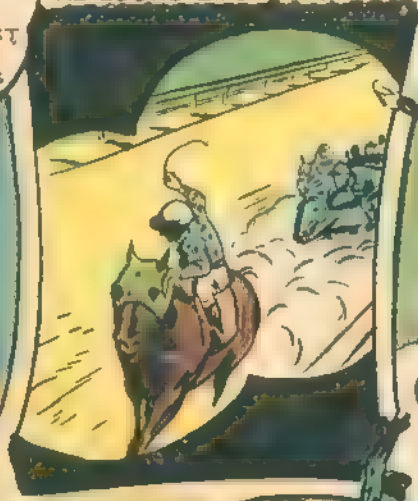
A BEAUTIFUL DAY LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - AND A LARGE CROWD - IN FACT THE LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF ARLINGTON! THEY'RE AT THE POST - O'GRADY ON SUREFOOT AND SMALL ON KLAXON - THE TWO FAVORITES - STEADY NOW THEY'RE OFF!



THEY'RE BUNCHED TOGETHER, KLAXON, IN THE CLEAR, ROBUST A SECOND AND SUREFOOT IN FIFTH-- NOW THEY'RE STRETCHING OUT-- THERE GOES SUREFOOT TO FOURTH PLACE, TO **THIRD**, HE'S **PASSING** ROBUST NOW HE'S RUNNING NECK IN NECK WITH KLAXON---- HE'S **PULLING AHEAD**, HE'S OUT IN THE **OPEN**----

--IT'S **SUREFOOT** IN THE LEAD AS THEY GO DOWN THE HOME STRETCH--**BOOTS** IS DRIVING HIM VERY HARD--HE'S ANXIOUS TO WIN HE LOOKS LIKE A **CINCH**--

HE'S STUMBLER-- BOTH JOCKEY AND HORSE ARE DOWN A FEW LENGTHS IN FRONT OF THE TAPE --- THE OTHERS ARE CHARGING BY-- IT'S **KLAXON THE WINNER!**



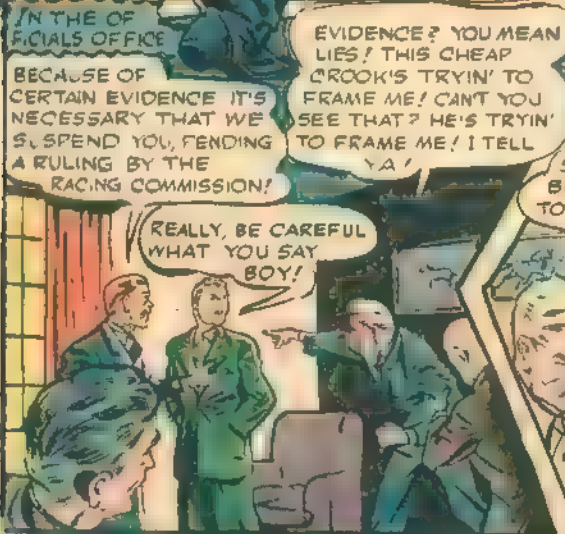
POOR HORSE - JUST WHEN WE HAD THE RACE ALL SEWED UP, TOO!

LATER IN THE LOCKER ROOM-----

HEY, **BOOTS**! THE TRACK OFFICIALS WANNA SEE YA RIGHT AWAY IN THE OFFICE!

O.K., **CHUCK**, BE RIGHT THERE!

I WONDER WHAT'S UP!



IN THE OFFICIALS OFFICE

BECAUSE OF CERTAIN EVIDENCE IT'S NECESSARY THAT WE SPEND YOU, FENDING A RULING BY THE RACING COMMISSION!

EVIDENCE? YOU MEAN LIES! THIS CHEAP CROOK'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? HE'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME! I TELL YA!

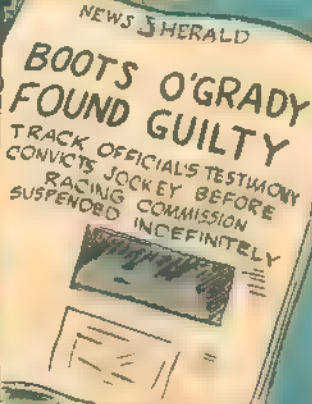
REALLY, BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY BOY!

AT EVERY TRACK **BOOTS** IS MET WITH THE SAME STORY--

FINALLY---

SORRY O GRADY BUT WE HAVE TOO MANY JOCKEYS NOW

THANKS!



NEWS SHERALD
BOOTS O'GRADY FOUND GUILTY
TRACK OFFICIAL'S TESTIMONY CONVICTS JOCKEY BEFORE RACING COMMISSION SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY

HURT AND DISILLUSIONED
BOOT'S O'GRADY ADOPTS A
DANGEROUS PHILOSOPHY...

...AND THIS WILL BE CALLED NUTS!
THE "CENTURY OF THE
COMMON MAN," FOR MAN
WILL SHARE WITH HIS
BROTHERS IN THE
FOUR FREEDOMS!
THAT'S A
LOTTA BUNK!
THERE'S ONLY ONE
WAY TO GET ALONG IN
THIS WORLD, AND THAT'S
TO TAKE WHAT YA WANT
NO MATTER WHO GETS
HURT!



AND 50 YEARS LATER, A MAN WITH A POI-
SONED MIND FINDS HIMSELF IN THE SLAVE
COUNTRY, FRANCE... RIDING THE HORSES FOR
THE FRENCHMEN WHO "CO-OPERATE" WITH THE
NEW ORDER! AND THAT MAN- BOOTS O'GRADY!
WE WEEEL GEEVE
FIVE THOUSAND FRANCS
TO THROW ZEE RACE!
MAKE IT
TEN THOU-
SAND, AND
YOU'RE
ON!
GEEVE
EET TO
HEEM
HENRI!



HOURS LATER, ON THE
EDGE OF A FIELD, NOT FAR
AWAY-----

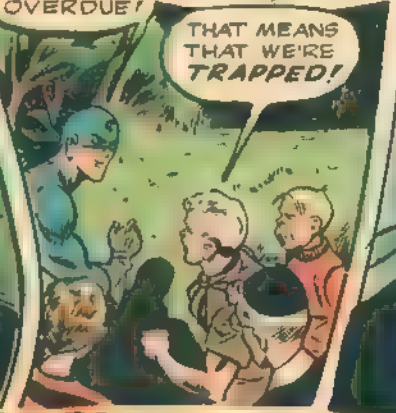
NOT YET, BUT WE ARE
IN A BAD SPOT, FROM
NOW ON IT'S A CASE OF
"THE FOXES AND THE
HOUNDS," WITH US AS
THE FOXES!

THAT NIGHT,
NEARBY, A MUNITIONS
PLANT IS BLOWN SKY-HIGH---



THE PLANE THAT WAS SUPPOSED
TO PICK US UP IS TWO HOURS
OVERDUE!

THAT MEANS
THAT WE'RE
TRAPPED!



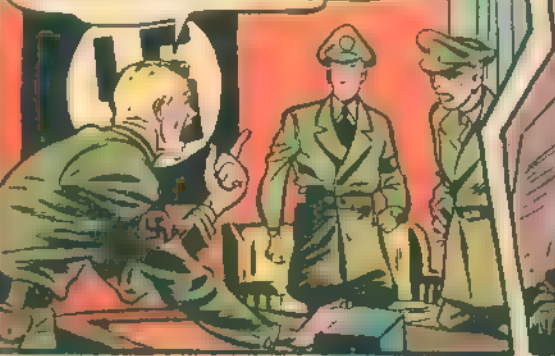
AND DOSE
"NASTIES"
ARE SURE
GONNA BE
TOUGH TO
OUT FOX!

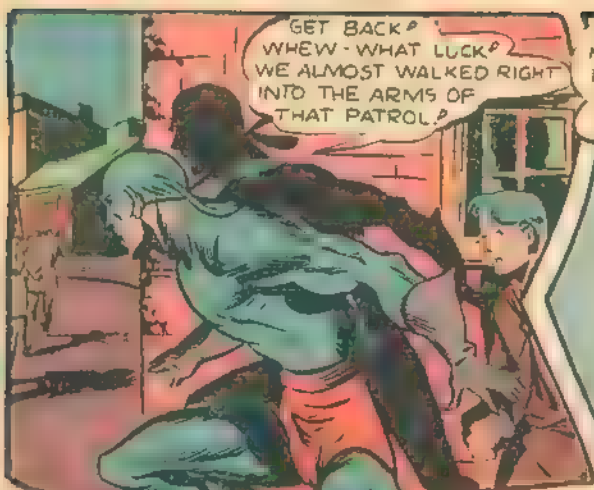


MEANWHILE AT THE LOCAL GESTAPO
HEADQUARTERS-----

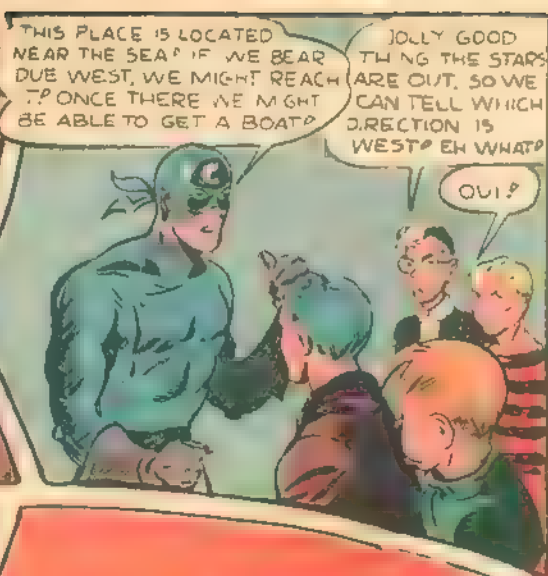
IT WAS DER VORK
OF COMMANDOS/ BUT DEY COULDN'T HAVE
ESCAPED SINCE NO PLANES HAVE BEEN
REPORTED IN THE VICINITY-- SEND OUT
SEARCHING PARTIES, SCOUR THE ENTIRE
AREA-- BLOCK ALL ROADS-- DER
SVINE VON'T GET AWAY!

GUARDS ARE
POSTED EVERY-
WHERE AND SEARCH-
ING PARTIES ARE
SENT OUT IN
ARMORED TRUCKS.





GET BACK!
WHEW-WHAT LUCK!
WE ALMOST WALKED RIGHT
INTO THE ARMS OF
THAT PATROL!



THIS PLACE IS LOCATED
NEAR THE SEA! IF WE BEAR
DUE WEST, WE MIGHT REACH
IT! ONCE THERE WE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO GET A BOAT!

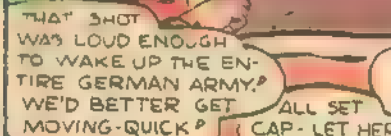
JOLLY GOOD
THING THE STARS
ARE OUT, SO WE
CAN TELL WHICH
DIRECTION IS
WEST! EH WHAT?

OUI!



HEY CAP-
LOOK! A
CAR!

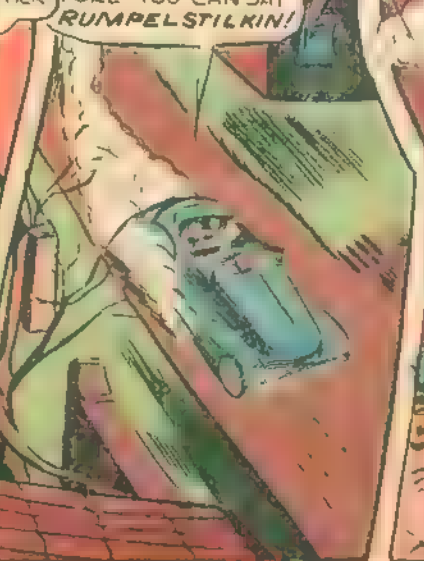
YES-AND OF ALL
PLACES, TOO! MAYBE
IT'S A GOOD THING
THEY'D NEVER THINK
TO LOOK HERE!
BUT FIRST WE'LL
HAVE TO GET RID
OF THAT GUARD!



THAT SHOT
WAS LOUD ENOUGH
TO WAKE UP THE EN-
TIRE GERMAN ARMY!
WE'D BETTER GET
MOVING-QUICK!

ALL SET
CAP- LET HER
RIP!

I HOPE THIS BABY
CAN STEP 'CAUSE WE'LL
HAVE THE GESTAPO
FOLLOWING US BE-
FORE YOU CAN SAY
RUMPELSTILKIN!



OH YEAH?
RUMPELST L-
HOLY MACKERAL
WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!

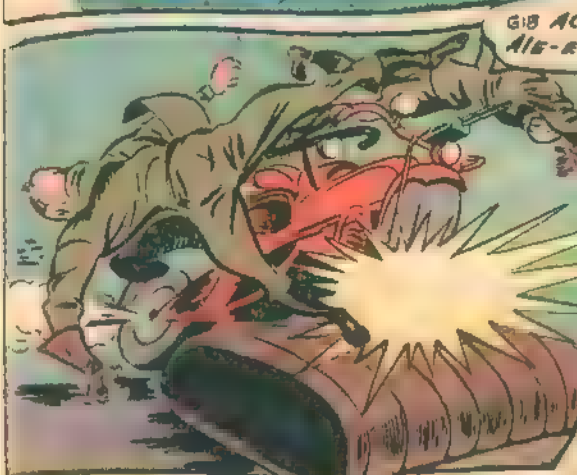


COME ON YOU GUYS
HELP ME LIFT
THIS SEAT!

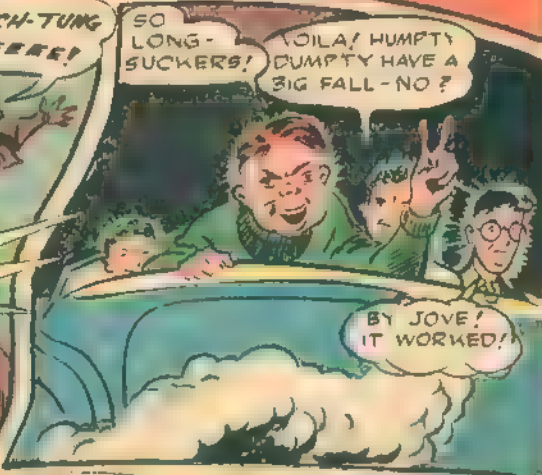
I HOPE YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DO
ING OLD BEAN!



DIS OUGHTA CATCH
A COUPLE O' RATS!



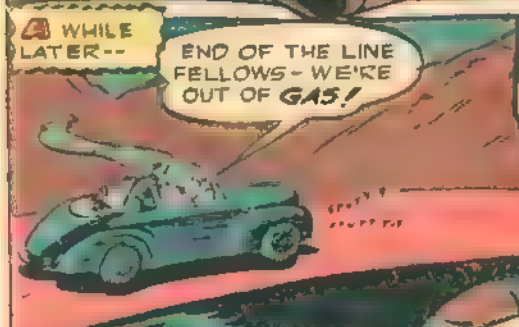
GIB ACH-TUNG
AIE-EEEE!



SO LONG-
SUCKERS!

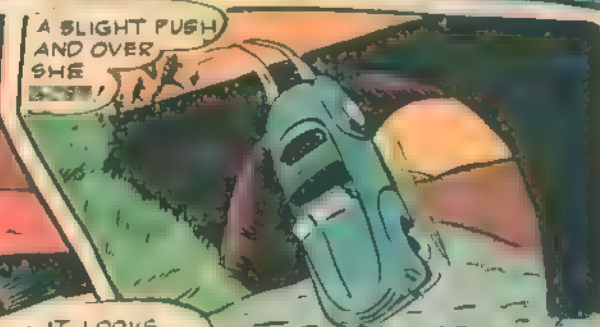
VOILA! HUMPTY
DUMPTY HAVE A
BIG FALL-NO?

BY JOVE!
IT WORKED!



A WHILE
LATER--

END OF THE LINE
FELLOWS- WE'RE
OUT OF GAS!



A SLIGHT PUSH
AND OVER
SHE
GOES!



AFTER WALKING
A SOME DISTANCE--

LOOKS LIKE A
RACE TRACK AND
STABLES! IT'S A
GOOD PLACE TO
SPEND THE
NIGHT!

WHAT THE
SAM WILL
IS THAT?



IT LOOKS
NICE AND DRY!
THERE'S A
HORSE IN HERE
BUT I GUESS HE
WON'T MIND!

IF NEXT DAY 49 BROT'S
 JOE - TO THE STABLES TO
 K. & DOWN HIS HORSE -

WHAT IN TAR
 NATION & THIS?
 HEY YOU BUMS!
 SCRAM!

HELLO!

HELLO YERSELF!
 WHO ARE YOU
 GUYS? WHAT'S
 YER RACKET?

I SEE YOU'RE AN AMERICAN
 SO I GUESS I CAN TALK TO YOU
 I'M CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND
 THESE ARE THE BOY SOLDERS!
 WE WERE TRAPPED AFTER A
 RAID AND THE
 NAZIS ARE
 LOOKING FOR
 US!



BUT YOU CAN HELP
 US - GET THE BOYS JOBS AS
 JOCKEYS AND A JOB AS A
 STABLE HAND FOR ME! THE
 NAZIS WOULD NEVER SUS-
 PECT US AND YOU'D BE
 DOING YOUR COUNTRY
 A GREAT SERVICE!

DON'T GIMME
 THAT PATRIOTIC HOOEY!
 AFTER THE DIRTY DEAL
 MY COUNTRY GAVE ME
 I DON'T OWE IT A THING! GET
 IT! GO FIND YOURSELVES A
 HOLE AN CRAWL INTO IT! BOOTS
 O GRADY TAKES CARE OF
 HIMSELF SEE!

IF YOU DONT STOP
 THAT TALK I'LL THRASH
 YOU WITHIN AN INCH
 OF YOUR
 LIFE!

NOW AIN'T
 THAT OUT?
 LISTEN, LITTLE
 LORD FAUNTLE
 ROY ONE MORE CRACK
 OUTTA YOU AND I'LL KNOCK
 YA RIGHT OUTTA YER FANCY
 PANTS!



WELL DON'T
 LISTEN TO HIM!
 HE'S ASKIN' FOR IT!
 THAT DOES IT!

JUST A LITTLE JU J
 HOPE IT DOESN'T HURT
 TOO MUCH!



WOW! IF THAT PANTYWAIST
 IS SO TOUGH, WHAT ARE THE
 OTHERS LIKE? I GUESS I'LL
 STRING A LONG WITH
 THEM! THEN I'LL
 TURN THEM IN AND
 COLLECT A NICE
 REWARD FOR MYSELF!

YOU MISSED
 THAT TIME
 BOOTS!

OK I'LL DO
 WHATEVER
 YOU WANT!

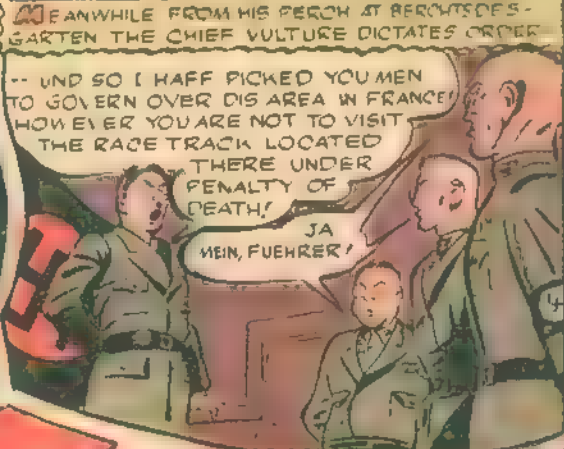
THAT'S
 BETTER!
 AFTER A
 WHILE PER
 HAPS YOU MIGHT
 BE ABLE TO AR-
 RANGE WITH A LO-
 CAL FISHER-
 MAN FOR OUR
 L-CASE!





... AFTER THAT SAME DAY... COMMANDOS? ARE YOU KIDDIN' SCHVINE! HAFF YOU SEEN ANY COMANDOS HERE?

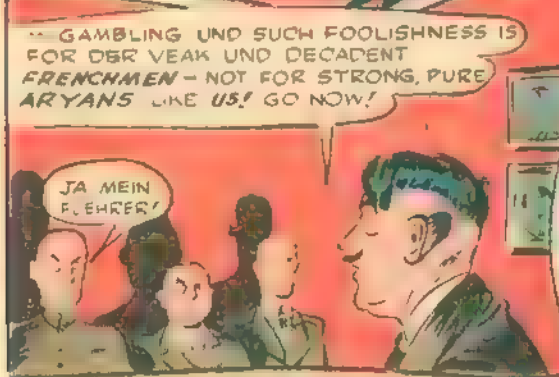
FRITZIE? THERE AIN'T NO ONE HERE BUT US JOCKEYS AND THAT HALF WIT STABLE HAND!



MEANWHILE FROM HIS PERCH AT BERCHTESGARTEN THE CHIEF VULTURE DICTATES ORDER

-- AND SO I HAFF PICKED YOU MEN TO GOVERN OVER DIS AREA IN FRANCE! HOWEVER YOU ARE NOT TO VISIT THE RACE TRACK LOCATED THERE UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH!

JA MEIN, FUHRER!



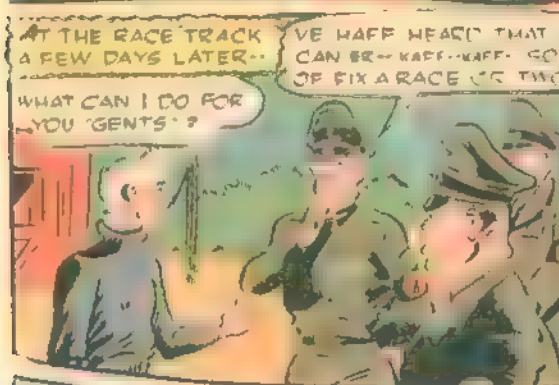
-- GAMBLING UND SUCH FOOLISHNESS IS FOR DER VEAK UND DECADENT FRENCHMEN - NOT FOR STRONG, PURE ARYANS LIKE US! GO NOW!

JA MEIN FUHRER!



AFTER HIS EMISSARIES LEAVE 'DER FOOEY' DIALS A NUMBER AND WHISPERS INTO THE PHONE

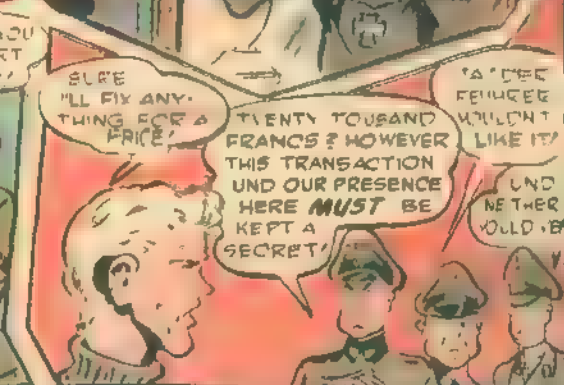
HELLO-HELLO! LOOIE? DIS ISS SHICKLEGRUBER-- PLACE TWO MARKS ON SCHNITZLEBAUM TO WIN IN DER FOURTH RACE!



AT THE RACE TRACK A FEW DAYS LATER--

WE HAFF HEARD THAT YOU CAN BE-- HAFF--HAFF-- SORT OF FIX A RACE OR TWO!

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU 'GENTS'?



SURE I'LL FIX ANYTHING FOR A PRICE!

TWENTY THOUSAND FRANCS? HOWEVER THIS TRANSACTION UND OUR PRESENCE HERE **MUST** BE KEPT A SECRET!

JA'DEE FEINCEE WOULDN'T LIKE IT!

UND NETHER WOULD I!

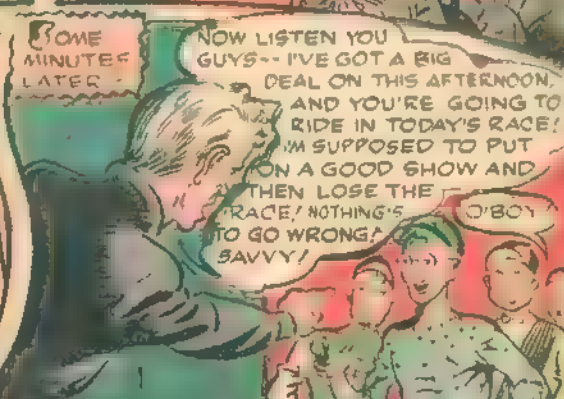


OKAY! LITTLE BOOTS WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

REMEMBER-- NO SCHLIPS OR DOUBLE CROSSES!

GEE! WHERE DO THESE GUYS GET THIS KIND OF DOUGH? NO WONDER HALF OF FRANCE IS STARVING!

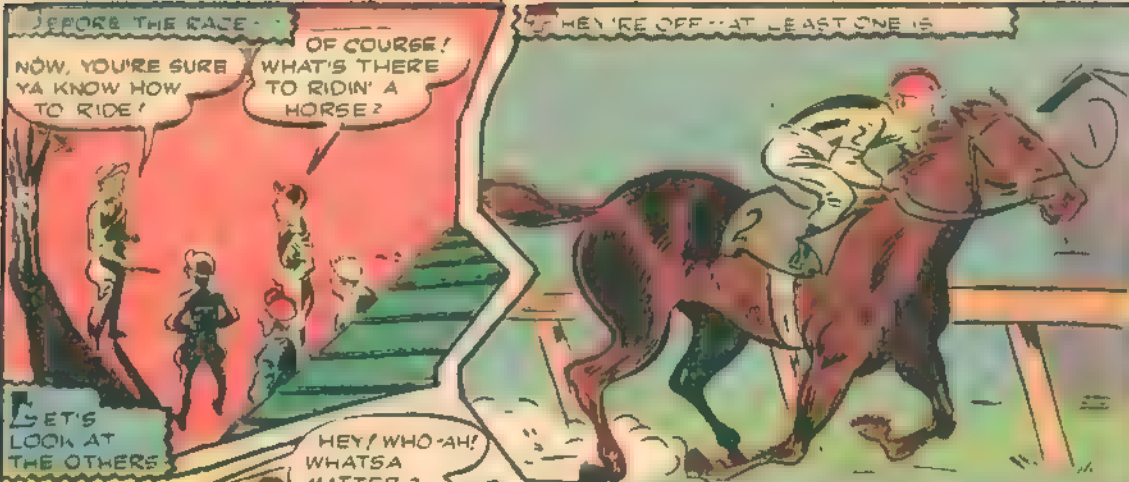
WELL, IT'S NOT AN OFF ALL NOSE!



SOME MINUTES LATER

NOW LISTEN YOU GUYS-- I'VE GOT A BIG DEAL ON THIS AFTERNOON, AND YOU'RE GOING TO RIDE IN TODAY'S RACE! I'M SUPPOSED TO PUT ON A GOOD SHOW AND THEN LOSE THE RACE! NOTHING'S TO GO WRONG! SAVVY?

O'BOY



BEFORE THE RACE

NOW, YOU'RE SURE
YA KNOW HOW
TO RIDE!

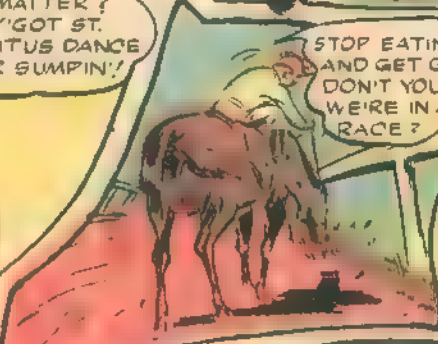
OF COURSE!
WHAT'S THERE
TO RIDIN' A
HORSE?

HEY'RE OFF--AT LEAST ONE IS

LET'S
LOOK AT
THE OTHERS



HEY! WHO-AH!
WHATSA
MATTER?
Y'GOT ST.
VITUS DANCE
OR SUMPIN'!



STOP EATIN' GRASS
AND GET GOING!
DON'T YOU KNOW
WE'RE IN A
RACE?

MOVE!
WILL
YA?

BON DIEU!
MAY BE THEY
ARE IN LOVE--
NOW?



LOOK AT THEM MONKEYS!
SURE **WE KNOW** HOW T'RIDE!
WAIT'LL I GET THOSE GUYS!
I'LL KILL 'EM! I'LL
MOIDER 'EM!



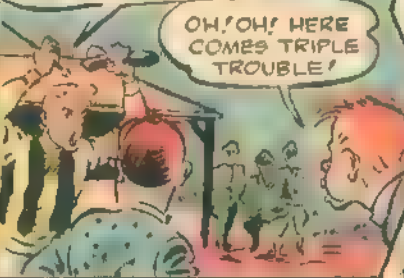
WE ARE ROINED!
DER SCHVINE
SHALL PAY
FOR DIS!

WE
CANT DOO
DIS TO US!

ACH DU
LIEBER!



YOU DUMB CLUCKS! DON'T YOU
KNOW ENOUGH TO KICK A HORSE
WITH YOUR SPURS? I WAS
SUPPOSED TO LOSE THIS
RACE, NOT WIN IT!



OH! OH! HERE
COMES TRIPLE
TROUBLE!

PIG SVINE COCHIN!
VE HALF BET ALL
OUR MONEY ON
YOUR LOSING!

YEAH?
SO
WHAT?



YOU AINT DOIN A THING TO **ME!**
I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT
YOUR FUEHREER THINKS OF
HIS MEN BETTING ON THE
NAGS-- GET IT!



VY YOU--
YOU

THAT NIGHT AT
THE STABLES.

I SMELL
SMOKE!

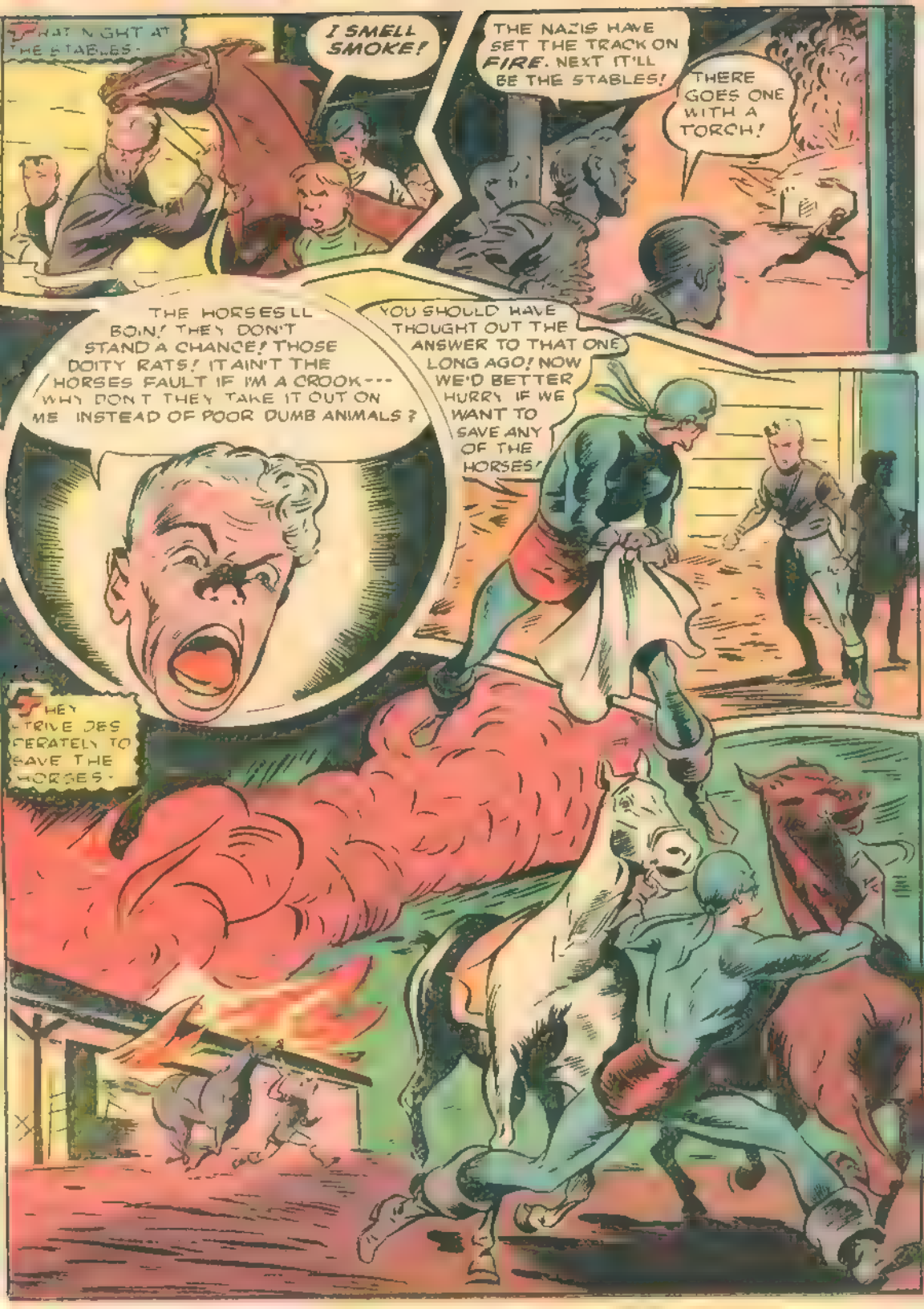
THE NAZIS HAVE
SET THE TRACK ON
FIRE. NEXT IT'LL
BE THE STABLES!

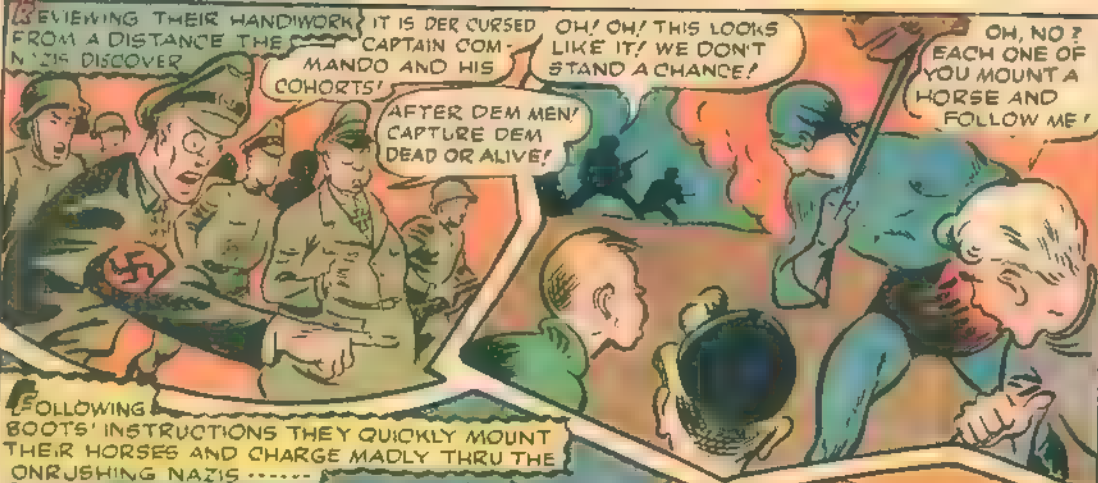
THERE
GOES ONE
WITH A
TORCH!

THE HORSES'LL
BURN! THEY DON'T
STAND A CHANCE! THOSE
DOITY RATS! IT AIN'T THE
HORSES FAULT IF I'M A CROOK---
WHY DON'T THEY TAKE IT OUT ON
ME INSTEAD OF POOR DUMB ANIMALS?

YOU SHOULD HAVE
THOUGHT OUT THE
ANSWER TO THAT ONE
LONG AGO! NOW
WE'D BETTER
HURRY IF WE
WANT TO
SAVE ANY
OF THE
HORSES!

THEY
STRIVE DES-
PERATELY TO
SAVE THE
HORSES.





FOLLOWING
BOOTS' INSTRUCTIONS THEY QUICKLY MOUNT
THEIR HORSES AND CHARGE MADLY THRU THE
ONRUSHING NAZIS -----

GOTT IN
HIMMEL!

AND SO AFTER
A LONG DESPER-
ATE RIDE -----

THE COAST --AND THERE'S
A BOAT!

YEAH,
MY
BOAT!

PLAYIN' BALL WIT'
THOSE NAZIS IS A
JITTERY BUSINESS!
I BEEN HANGING
ONTO THIS SKIFF
FOR AN EMER-
GENCY LIKE
THIS!

I WUZ GONNA DOUBLE-CROSS
YOU GUYS ...BUT WHEN I SEEN 'EM
BURN THEM HORSES -FOOR HELPLESS
BEAUTIFUL BEASTS - SOMETHING IN-
SIDE ME SNAPPED AND I
REALIZED HOW LOW I HAD
SUNK! IF ONLY THERE WUZ
SOME WAY I COULD
SQUARE MYSELF?

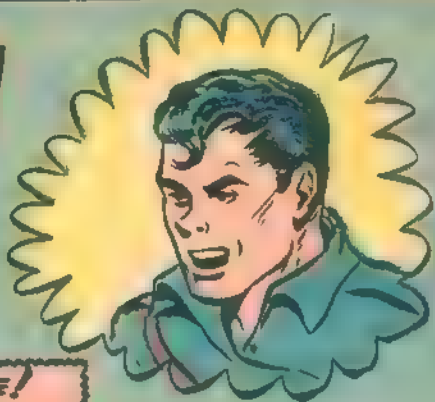
MAYBE THERE
IS BOOTS!
HOW WOULD
YOU LIKE
TO BE A
COMMANDO?

BOY-O-BOY!
COULD I? I'D BET
MY LIFE ON YOU
GUYS -AND **BOOTS**
O'GRADY ALWAYS
BETS ON A **SURE**
THING!

TALKING ABOUT **SURE THINGS** HAVE YOU
GOTTEN YOUR COPY OF **ARCHIE COMICS #2**
YET? DON'T MISS THIS **SURE THING** IN THE
BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY! IF IT'S AN **M.L.J.**
PUBLICATION, IT'S A SURE THING!!!

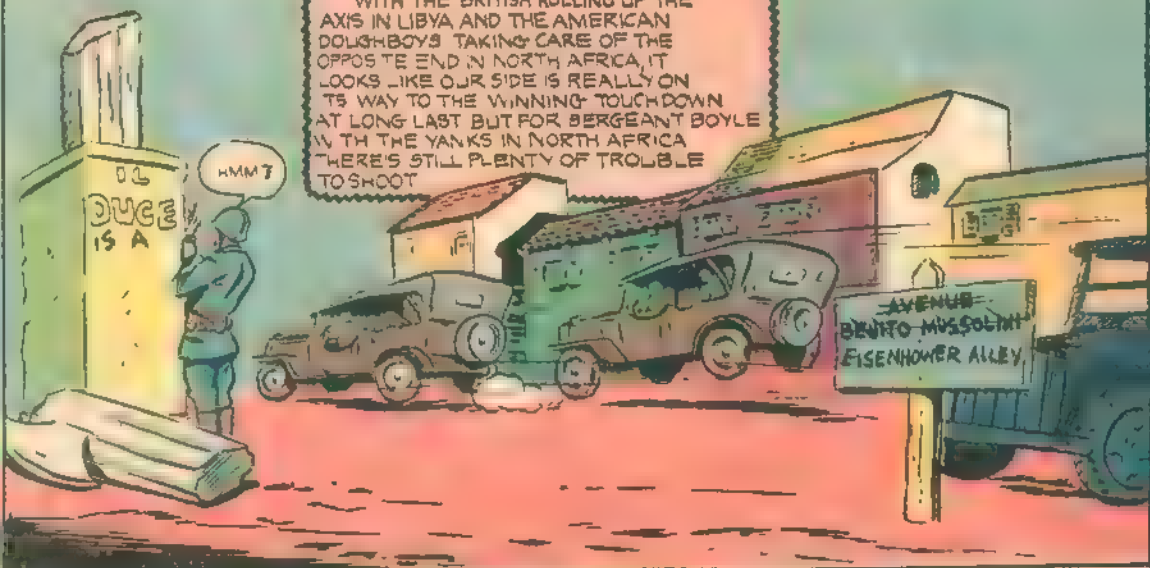
SERGEANT BOYLE

BY
HUBBELL



THE YANKS HAVE COME!

WITH THE BRITISH ROLLING UP THE AXIS IN LIBYA AND THE AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS TAKING CARE OF THE OPPOSITE END IN NORTH AFRICA, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR SIDE IS REALLY ON ITS WAY TO THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN AT LONG LAST. BUT FOR SERGEANT BOYLE, WITH THE YANKS IN NORTH AFRICA, THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF TROUBLE TO SHOOT.



WHILE RESTING UP BETWEEN PATROLS, BOYLE AND SOME OF THE BOYS ARE PLAYING A FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME...

WELL, THAT CLEANS ME OUT!

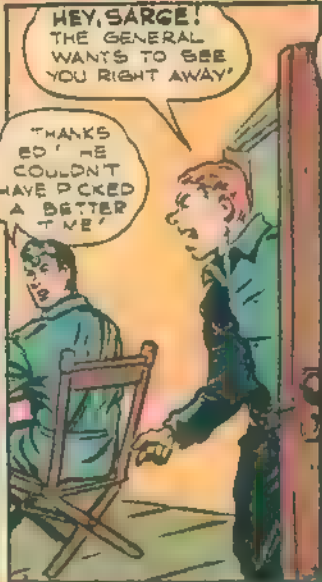
ME TOO! REMIND ME TO HIDE THE CARDS NEXT TIME YOU COME AROUND SARGE!

WHAT? THROUGH ALREADY?



HEY, SARGE! THE GENERAL WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!

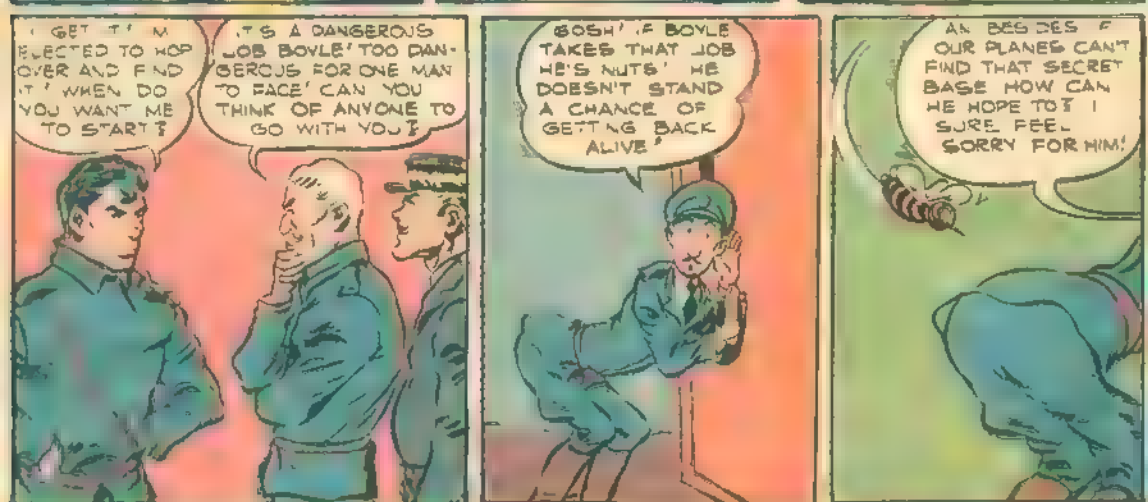
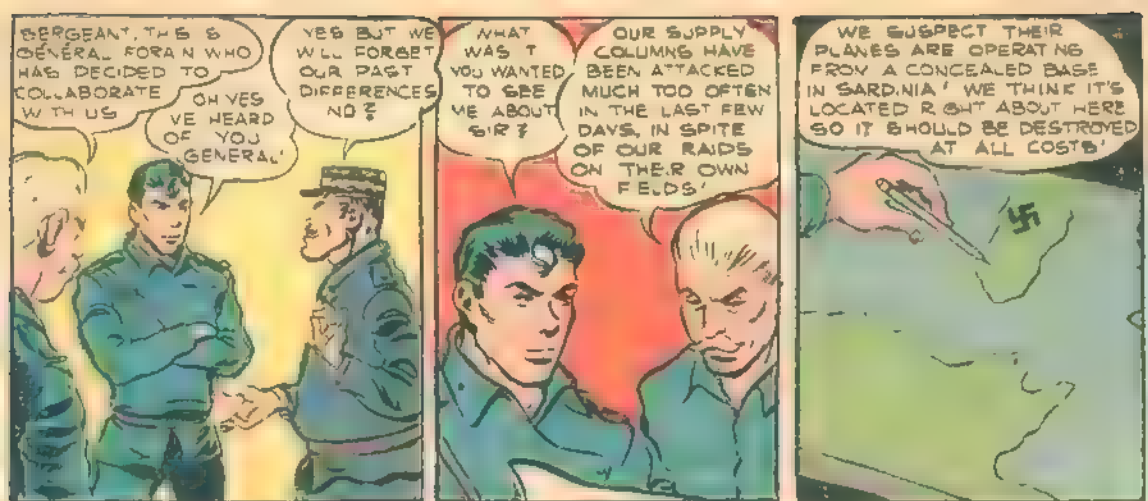
THANKS BO! HE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER TIME!



DO YOU WANT TO SEE ME, GENERAL?

COME IN BOYLE! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU!





WILL YOU STOP
GRUBBLING? I
DON'T ASK YOU
TO DO YOUR
VOLUNTEERED
REVENGER!

SURE I VOLUN-
TEERED. THANK
D.E. YOU
HANDLE SUCH A
DANGEROUS
ASSIGNMENT
BY YOURSELF!

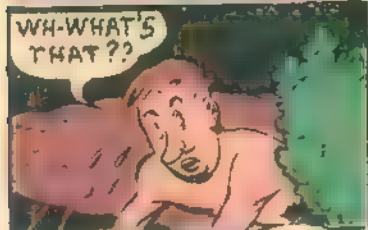


HOURS LATER OVER SARDINA



DON'T SEE A
SIGN OF ANYTHING
LOOKS LIKE AN AR-
FELD FROM UP
HERE!

GUESS WE
BETTER LAND
AND TAKE A
GOOD LOOK!
HANG ON TO
YOUR HAT-
TWERP!



WATA AIRPLANE
WE HEARDA HES
GONE NOW!

BEEES
SPASH
FROM DA
LAKE!

SPASH



UGH, OF ALL
THE PLACES
WE COULD'VE
LANDED YOU
WOULD
PICK A MUD
HOLE!

LOOK! THERE'S
A LAKE OVER
THERE! WE CAN
CLEAN UP A
-TITTLE!



HEY! WHAT'S
THE MATTER?
COME ON, IN
YOU BE
SISSY!

NOT ME!
THAT WATER
LOOKS TOO
COLD! I'M DOIN'
ALL RIGHT
THIS WAY!



WLP!
W-WOMEN
GO AWAY!
WE HAVEN'T
GOT ANY
CLOTHES
ON!

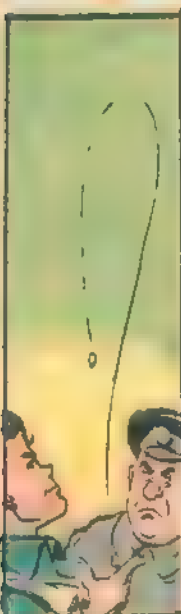
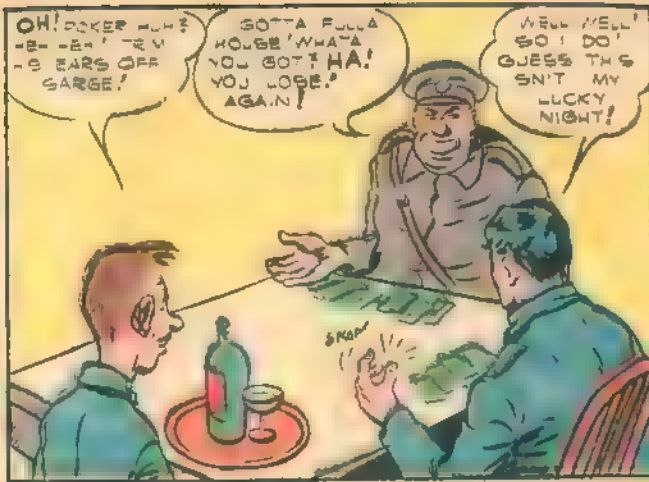
OH! ENG-ESHA
SPEES' COME OUTA
DERE! YOU CAN
GET A DRESSED
NA DA BUSHES
WE HAT EDS
YOU



GOSH! WE
SURE ARE
IN A SPOT!
WHAT'LL WE
DO SARGE?

HOW SHOULD I
KNOW? YOU GOT
US INTO THIS JAM
NOW GET US
OUT!







WELL... WONT BE LONG NOW SARGE O' PAL! \$4=

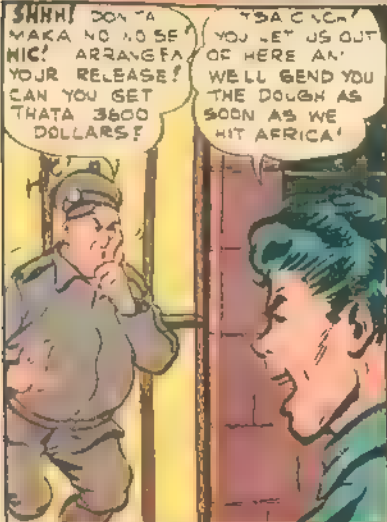
DON'T GIVE UP HOPE <O>!
HMM THE BIG CHEESE SEEMS WELL ON THE WAY TO GETTING HIM-SELF PLASTERED!



3600 DOLLARS ALLA DA NEW UN FORMS COJDA BUJ WTHA THAT MONEY! HIC



DA CLANCE -ESA OJL KNOCKS ONCE! A...
-TELLA HEEM FKA JP HEES ESCAPE IF HE GETS DA MAZUMA! HIC!
CAN ALWAYS HANG HVA -LATER



SHHH! DON'T MAKE NO NOISE HIC! ARRANGFA YOUR RELEASE! CAN YOU GET THATA 3600 DOLLARS?

YSA CKCH! YOU LET US OUT OF HERE AN' WE'LL SEND YOU THE DOUGH AS SOON AS WE HIT AFRICA!



YOU T'NK M A CRAZE? YOU WRTE LETTERS FRST! WHEN DA MONEY, HES ARRIVE YOU GO! HIC! WRITE!

HIC! BURP EYCUISA ME!

OH SEE! I HAVE TO -HINK T OVER =RS=!



HURRY! MAKE UPA YOUR MND! OOF!

SORRY! WE CANT WAIT SO LONG! GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DO IT THS WAY!



COME ON SARGE! THERES A SEWER N' THE KITCHEN!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU! SOON AS I MAKE OUR PAL COMFORTABLE!



HERE SHE S' LET'S GO!!

WHAT DO YOU THINK THS IS! CONEY BLAND?

-WERP COULD KISS YOU! WERE AS GOOD AS OUT!

NHEEEE!



WE'VE GOT TO
GET TO OUR CRATE
AND QUICK! HOPE
WE MAKE IT!

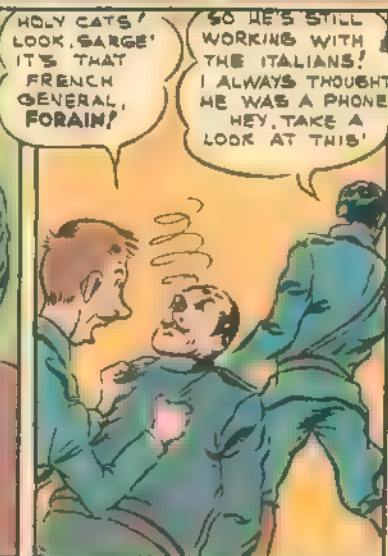
LOOK, THERE'S
A PLANE LANDING
UP AHEAD!



HERE COMES THE
PILOT! KEEP DOWN!
HE HAIN'T SEEN
US YET!



HALT!
WHO GOES
THERE?



HOLY CATS!
LOOK, SARGE!
IT'S THAT
FRENCH
GENERAL,
FORAIN!

SO HE'S STILL
WORKING WITH
THE ITALIANS!
I ALWAYS THOUGHT
HE WAS A PONEEY!
HEY, TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS!



WELL,
WELL,
HAVEN'T
WE MET
BEFORE?

OH, IT'S A YOU
AGAIN! HOW YOU
LIKE OUR NEW
SPRINGA OUTFITS?



GOODBY!



LATER BACK N AFRA

KEEP
MOVING
GENERAL

YOU FOOL!
I TELL YOU
YOU'RE MAK-
ING A MIS-
TAKE!

BOYLE!
ARE YOU
OUT OF
YOUR MIND?
UNHAND
GENERAL
FORAIN AT
ONCE!

JEEPS BOYLE
HOW WERE WE
TO KNOW THAT
GENERAL FORAIN
CAME ALL THE
WAY OVER TO
RESOLVE US?

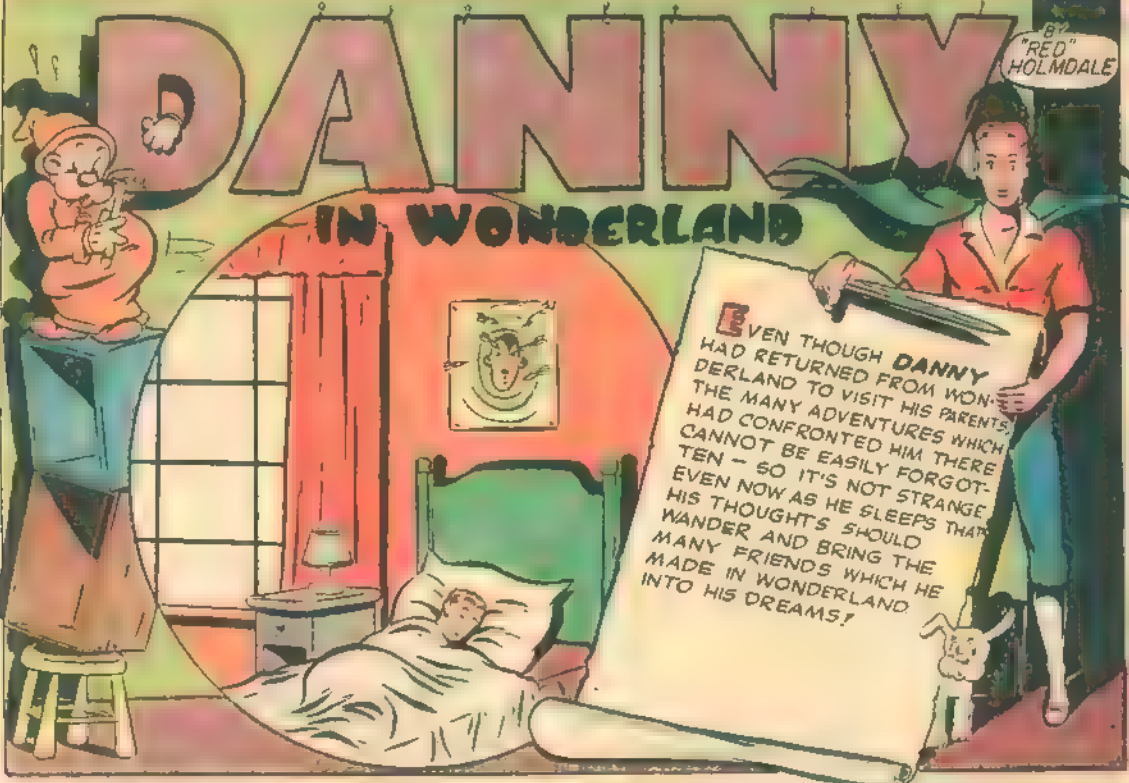
STOP TALKING
ABOUT IT!
IT'S YOUR
DEAL, TWERP!



LAUGH YOUR TROUBLES AWAY
EVERY ISSUE OF PEP
COMICS WITH SERGEANT
BOYLE

DANNY

IN WONDERLAND



EVEN THOUGH **DANNY** HAD RETURNED FROM WONDERLAND TO VISIT HIS PARENTS, THE MANY ADVENTURES WHICH HAD CONFRONTED HIM THERE CANNOT BE EASILY FORGOTTEN - SO IT'S NOT STRANGE EVEN NOW AS HE SLEEPS THAT HIS THOUGHTS SHOULD WANDER AND BRING THE MANY FRIENDS WHICH HE MADE IN WONDERLAND INTO HIS DREAMS!

OH/OH! IT LOOKS LIKE DANNY IS GETTING RESTLESS!



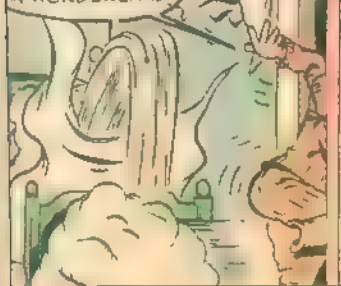
HE'S NOT ONLY RESTLESS BUT SEEMS TO BE HAVING A NIGHT MARE-----



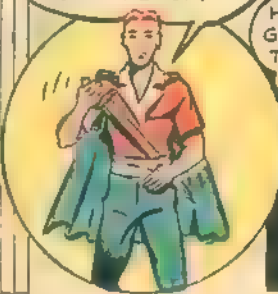
WHEW-WHAT A DREAM-I! I THOUGHT I HEARD THE GOOD FAIRY CALLING FOR HELP! GOSH I WONDER IF IT REALLY WAS A DREAM!



GILLY! THAT DREAM SEEMED AWFULLY REAL- I'M GONNA GET DRESSED- MAYBE THEY NEED ME IN WONDERLAND!

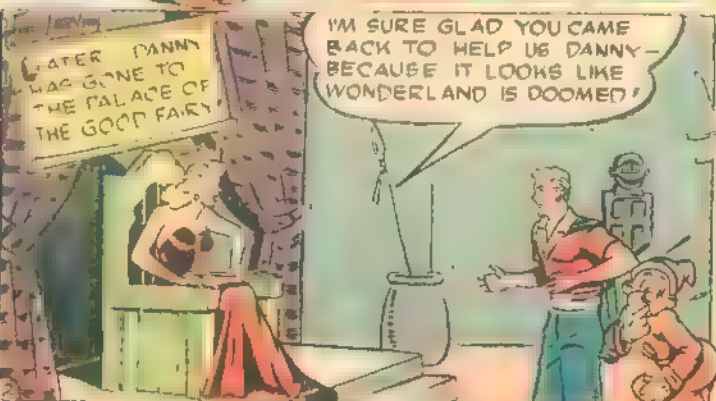
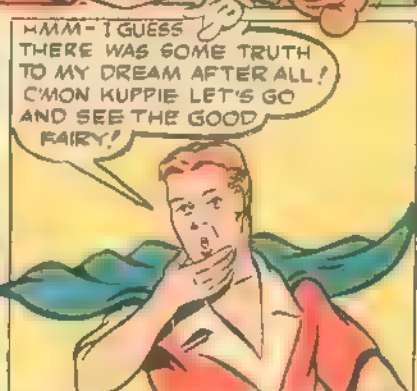
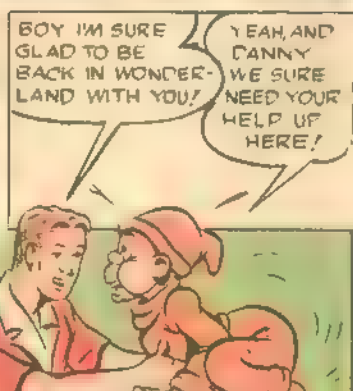
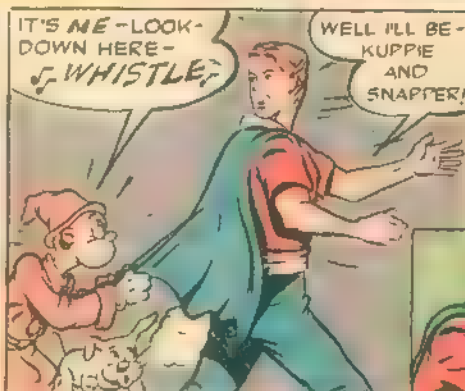
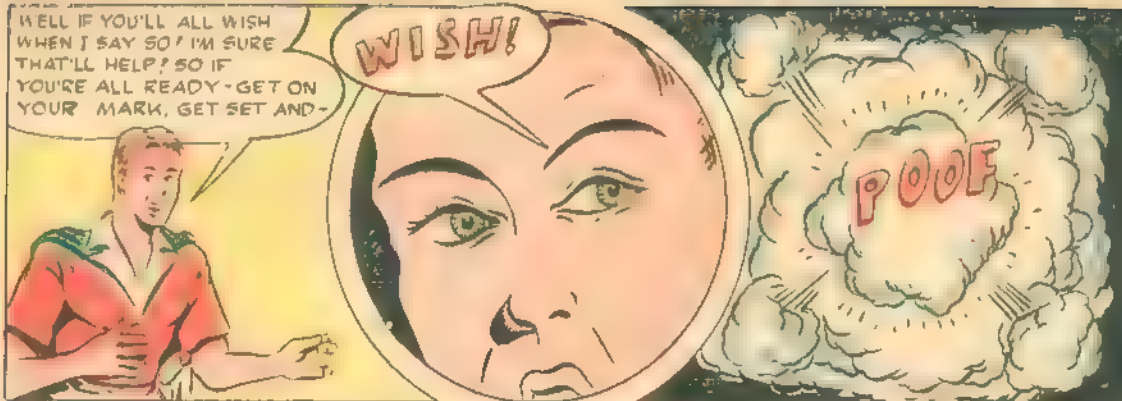


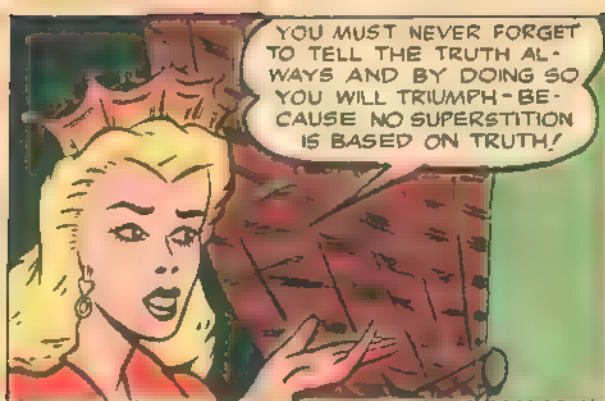
I'M ALL SET-NOW TO GET BACK TO WONDERLAND! I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME HELP THOUGH!



SAY-HOW ABOUT YOU-YES I'M TALKING TO ALL YOU SWELL BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE READING THIS MAGAZINE! WILL YOU HELP ME GET BACK TO WONDERLAND?





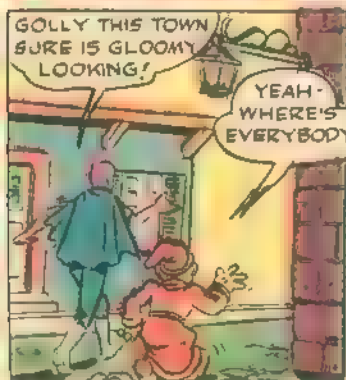


YOU MUST NEVER FORGET TO TELL THE TRUTH ALWAYS AND BY DOING SO YOU WILL TRIUMPH-BECAUSE NO SUPERSTITION IS BASED ON TRUTH!

LATER... OUR HEROES SET OUT TO DESTROY THE SPIRIT OF SUPERSTITION!

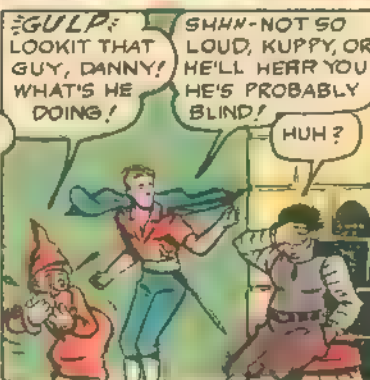
I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE HERE DANNY- CAUSE I DON'T LIKE THIS SUPERSTITION BUSINESS AT ALL!

DON'T BE SCARED KUPPY- JUST REMEMBER WHAT THE FAIRY SAID- DON'T BE SUPERSTITIOUS AND BE SURE TO TELL THE TRUTH!



GOLLY THIS TOWN SURE IS GLOOMY LOOKING!

YEAH- WHERE'S EVERYBODY?



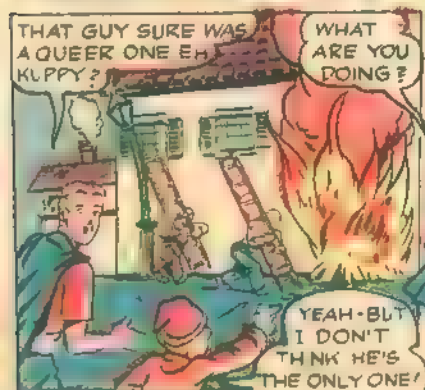
GULP! LOOKIT THAT GUY, DANNY! WHAT'S HE DOING!

SHHH-NOT SO LOUD, KUPPY, OR HE'LL HEAR YOU HE'S PROBABLY BLIND!

HUH?

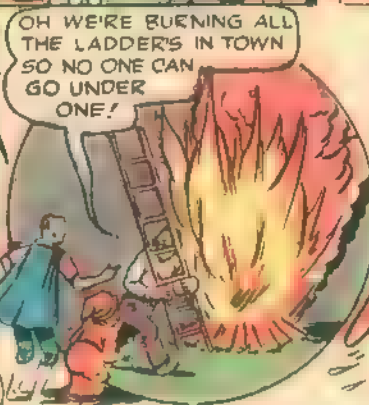


BLIND? HUH? WHO'S BLIND? LISTEN- I MADE A WISH LAST WEEK WHEN I SAW A WAGON OF HAY PASS AND I'M AFRAID IF I OPEN 'EM IT'LL STILL BE HERE AND I'LL LOSE MY WISH!



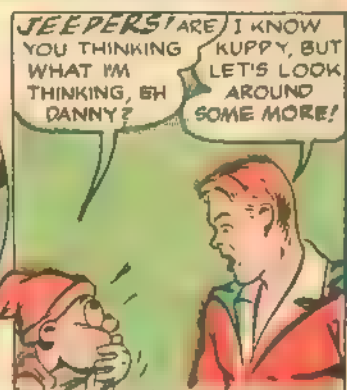
THAT GUY SURE WAS A QUEER ONE EH KUPPY?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



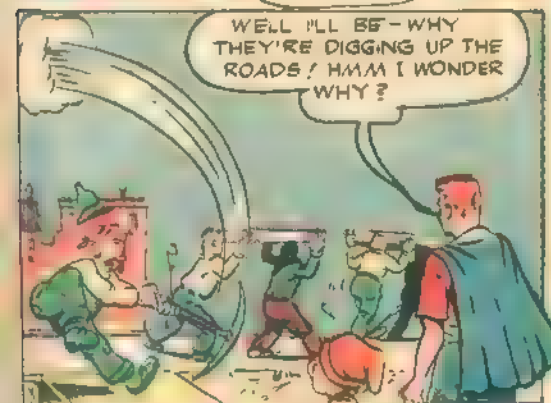
OH WE'RE BURNING ALL THE LADDERS IN TOWN SO NO ONE CAN GO UNDER ONE!

YEAH-BUT I DON'T THINK HE'S THE ONLY ONE!



JEEPERSE! ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, EH DANNY?

I KNOW KUPPY, BUT LET'S LOOK AROUND SOME MORE!

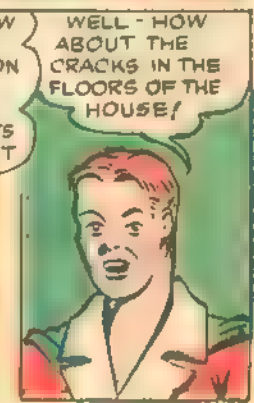


WELL I'LL BE- WHY THEY'RE DIGGING UP THE ROADS! HMM I WONDER WHY?



WHY ARE YOU TEARING UP THE STREETS?

DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S VERY BAD LUCK TO STEP ON THE CRACKS?? WE'RE TEARING UP THE STREETS SO THERE WON'T BE ANY!



WELL - HOW ABOUT THE CRACKS IN THE FLOORS OF THE HOUSE!

GEE WE NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT-
GOSH, THANKS FOR TELLING US-
WE'LL RIP UP ALL THE FLOORS
RIGHT AWAY!

WE'LL
I'LL BE



BOY, THEY
MUST BE ALL
CRAZY!
EH, DANNY?

NO KUPPIE,
THEY'RE JUST
VICTIMS OF
SUPERSTITION.



WOW- IT'S SURE
GETTING DARK. 'BECAUSE OF
THE CLOUD OF
SUPERSTITION!



YI! BLACK
CATS! GEE
THAT'S BAD
LUCK!

FORGET IT
KUPPIE AND
DON'T BE
SUPERSTITIOUS!



WHO ME- EH?
HOLY SMOKE!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

HEH! HEH! SAY
SHORT DARK AND
HANDSOME! DON'T
YOU THINK I'M
BEAUTIFUL?

BEAUTIFUL HUH?
WHY- WHY----



HEY, DON'T FORGET
WHAT THE GOOD
FAIRY TOLD YOU!

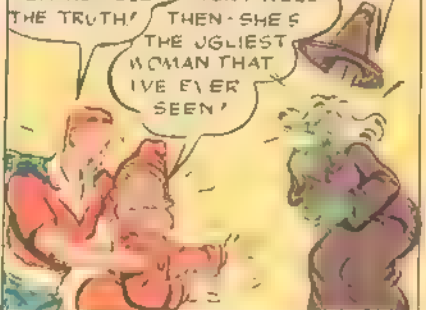
BUT I WAS
JUST GONNA
TELL HER
THAT SHE
WAS



NEVER MIND-- I
KNOW WHAT YOU
WERE GOING
TO TELL
HER--



BUT THE FAIRY SAID
THAT WE MUST
ALWAYS TELL
THE TRUTH! THEN SHE'S
THE UGLIEST
WOMAN THAT
I'VE EVER
SEEN!

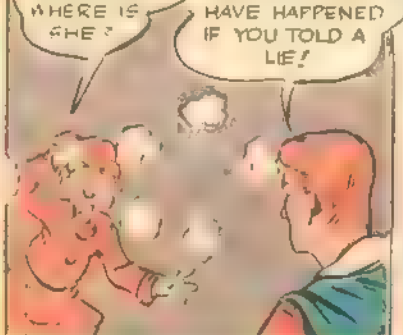


WITH KUPPIE'S WORDS
THE WITCH
DISAPPEARS!



WOW! WHAT
HAPPENED?
WHERE IS
SHE?

GIVE WHAT WOULD
HAVE HAPPENED
IF YOU TOLD A
LIE!



LATER-

IT'S GETTING LATE!
WHAT DO YOU SAY
WE TURN IN FOR
THE NIGHT?

NOW
YOU'RE TALK-
ING! BOY
AM I TIRED!



HELLO - WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE I KNOW MARSH-MELLOWS GROW?

OH NO, DON'T WAKE HIM UP! COME ALONE!

GULP FOOD? SURE - I'LL GET DANNY TOO!

HOLY SMOKES! ARE THEY REAL?

BUT OF COURSE - AND THEY'RE VERY GOOD! HAVE ONE!

BUT SNAPPER IS THE FIRST TO SAMPLE THE MARSH MELLOWS

OH/OH! THEY'RE ALIVE! MAYBE I'M SCARED AFTER ALL!

YI! THEY'RE TURNING INTO-- INTO GHOSTS! COME ON SNAPPER LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

OH, DANNY HALP!

AND AT THIS MOMENT---

KUPPY'S CRY BRINGS DANNY TO THE RESCUE BUT---

COMING KUPPY-- WHERE ARE YOU?

BUT DANNY FALLS INTO A PIT AND IS SWALLOWED BY THE EARTH

KUPPY AND SNAPPER!

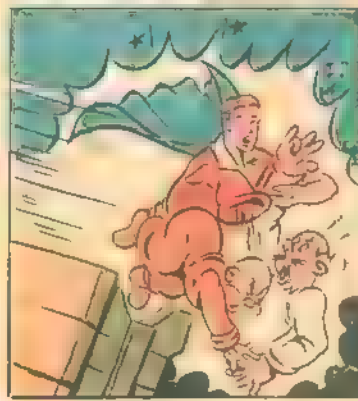
SEE DANNY I'M SORRY I GOT YOU IN TO THIS!

DON'T BE, KUPPY- THIS IS LUCKY- WE'VE REACHED THE VERY HEART OF SUPERSTITION LAND- NOW TO FIND THE CHIEF!

PRIVATE OFFICE OF CHIEF

I'LL BET HE'S IN THAT ROOM THERE!

THERE HE IS KUPPY LET'S RUSH HIM!



IF YOU DON'T BREAK THE SPELL OVER WONDERLAND - WE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY YOU!

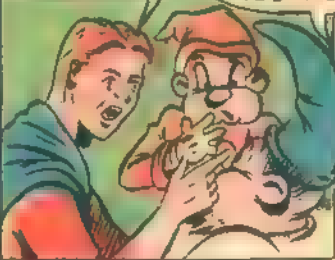
B-BUT I ONLY MANAGE THE PLACE FOR THE DEVIL - I'M REALLY NOT A BAD GUY YOU KNOW!

YOU'RE NOT? LOOK AT YOURSELF - YOU MUST HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE!

B BUT I HAVE NO CONSCIENCE THE DEVIL STOLE IT!

AND HE WON'T GIVE IT BACK TO ME TILL I'VE ANNEXED WONDERLAND WITH SUPERSTITION LAND!

DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T BARGAIN WITH THE DEVIL!



I'LL SOON SEE IF YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH - I'LL GET YOUR CONSCIENCE FROM THE DEVIL!

THAT'S THE WAY TO HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS BUT DON'T LET HIM KNOW I SENT YOU!

C'MON KUPPIE! B-BUT THIS IS DOING MORE THAN THE RAIKY TOLD US TO DO!

JEEPERS! WHAT'LL WE DO - IT'S A WALL OF FLAME!

HMM - I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



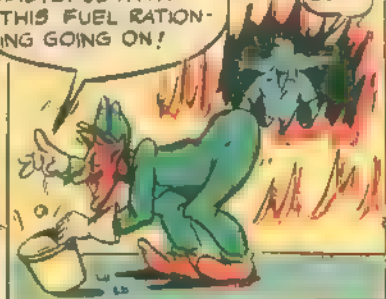
HAW! HAW! THE HEAT'S REFLECTING OFF MY MIRROR AND GETTING HIM GOOD!



HMM I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WASTEFUL WITH THIS FUEL RATIONING GOING ON!

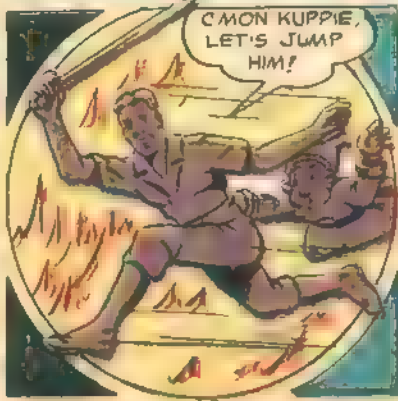
SAY THERE'S THE DEVIL - WAIT'LL I GET MY MIRROR OUT!

OUCH!



WITH HIS SWORD DANNY CUTS A HOLE IN THE WALL OF FLAMES --- THEREBY GAINING ENTRANCE TO THE DEVIL'S CHAMBERS!

WHY YOU - YOU! DON'T YOU KNOW I'M THE DEVIL - GET THE DEVIL OUTTA HERE BEFORE I--



C'MON KUPPIE, LET'S JUMP HIM!



BANG
SLAM
SOKO



NOW DEVL TELLS WHERE YOU'VE GOT ALL THE PEOPLES CONSCIENCE HIDDEN!

OVER IN THAT CORNER!



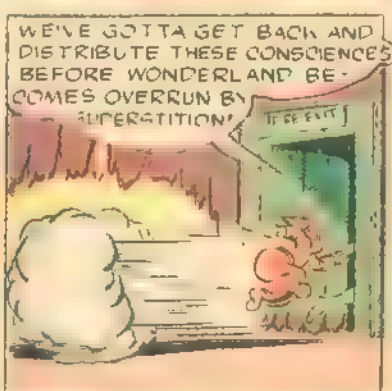
I'LL GET EM DANNY!



SAY SOME OF THESE ARE SHINY AND THE REST ARE ALL BLACK!



THE BLACK ONES BELONG TO THE DEVL THE OTHERS DON'T COMON QUICK!

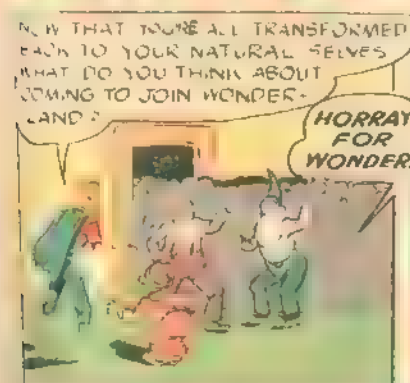


WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK AND DISTRIBUTE THESE CONSCENCES BEFORE WONDERLAND BECOMES OVERRUN BY SUPERSTITION!



WELL IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY IS GOING TO BE HAPPY AGAIN!

COME AND GET 'EM FOLKS!

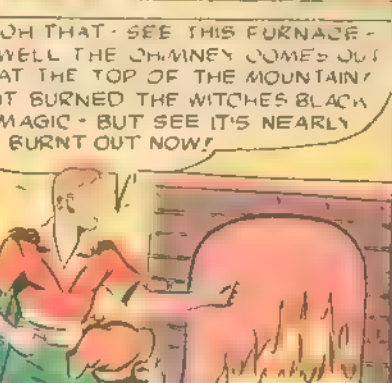


NOW THAT YOU'RE ALL TRANSFORMED BACK TO YOUR NATURAL SELVES WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT COMING TO JOIN WONDERLAND?

HORRAY FOR WONDERLAND



HEY DANNY WHAT ABOUT THE BLACK CLOUDS - HOW'RE WE GONNA GET RID OF IT!



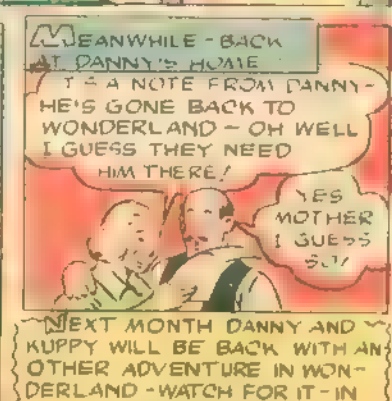
OH THAT - SEE THIS FURNACE - WELL THE CHIMNEY COMES OUT AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN! IT BURNED THE WITCHES BLACK MAGIC - BUT SEE IT'S NEARLY BURNT OUT NOW!



NOW WE'LL THROW ALL THE WITCHES' CLOTHES AND THINGS IN THE FIRE, AND THEN GO OUTSIDE AND WATCH THE RESULTS!



GOSH THE CLOUD TURNED TO A RAINBOW!



MEANWHILE - BACK AT DANNY'S HOME

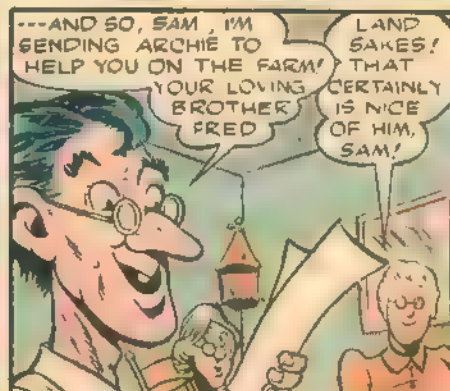
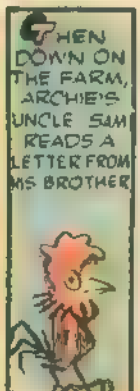
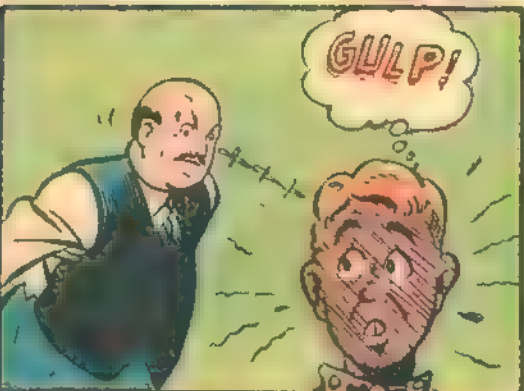
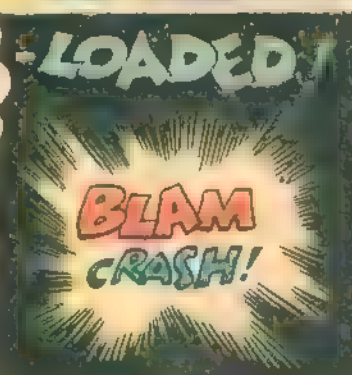
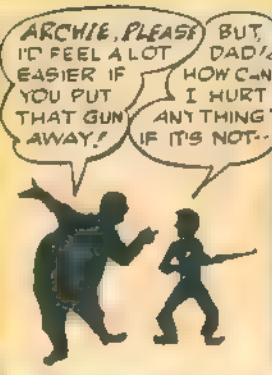
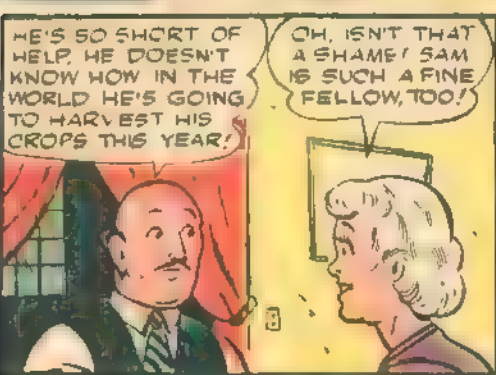
IT'S A NOTE FROM DANNY - HE'S GONE BACK TO WONDERLAND - OH WELL I GUESS THEY NEED HIM THERE!

YES MOTHER I GUESS SO!

NEXT MONTH DANNY AND KUPPY WILL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN WONDERLAND - WATCH FOR IT - IN PEP COMICS!

Archie

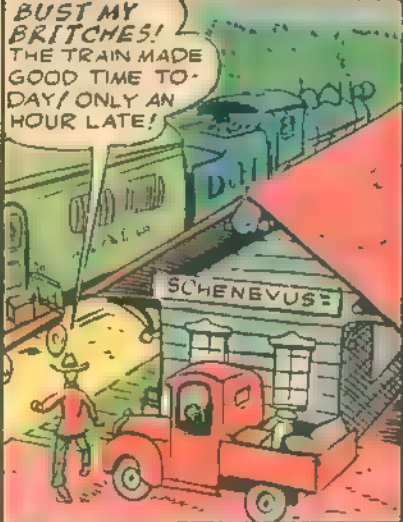
by Montana



ARCHIE SHOULD BE IN ON THE 3:15. I'LL GO DOWN ON TO THE STATION AND PICK HIM UP!



BUST MY BRITCHES!
THE TRAIN MADE GOOD TIME TO- DAY! ONLY AN HOUR LATE!



NEPHEW ARCHIE HELLO UNCLE YOU SURE ARE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! HERE, SON! LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR LUGGAGE!



THANKS UNCLE, I CAN HANDLE 'EM MYSELF!

HMM--FISHING ROD, RIFLE--YOU LOOK LIKE YOU CAME HERE FER A VACATION! THINK YOU'LL HAVE SOME TIME TO DO SOME FARM WORK?

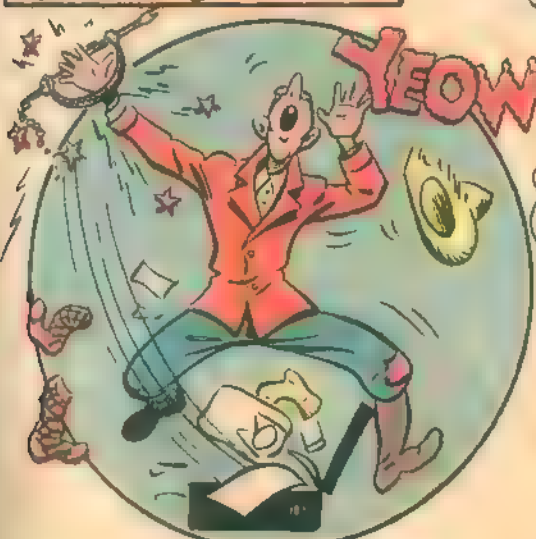
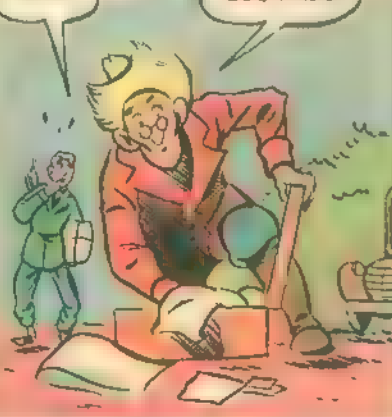


OOOPS!



UNCLE SAM, BE CARE- FUL! THERE'S A---

OH--THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ARCHIE. I'LL PICK UP THESE CLOTHES!

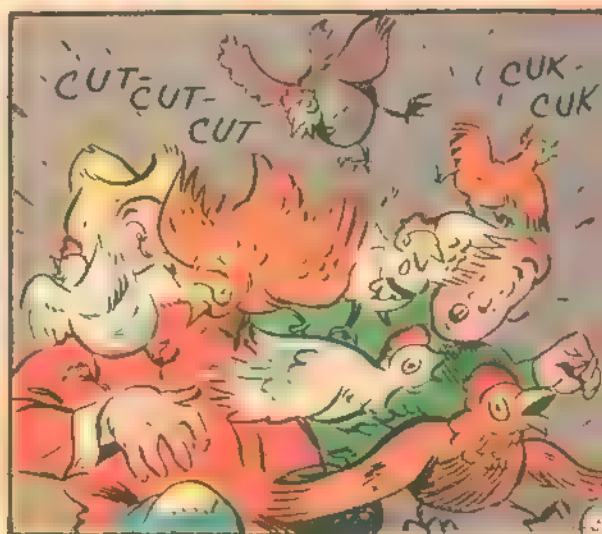
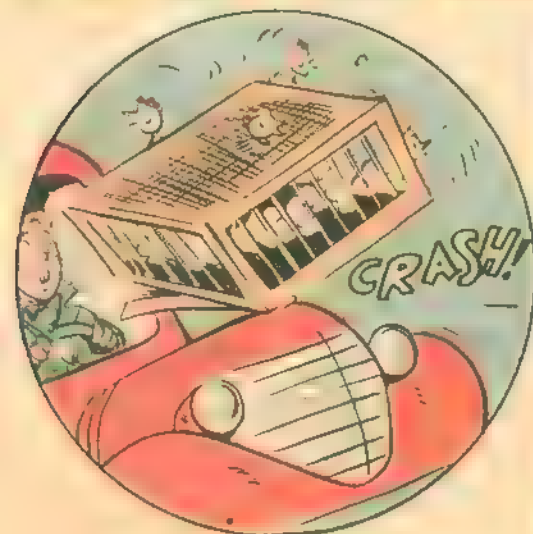
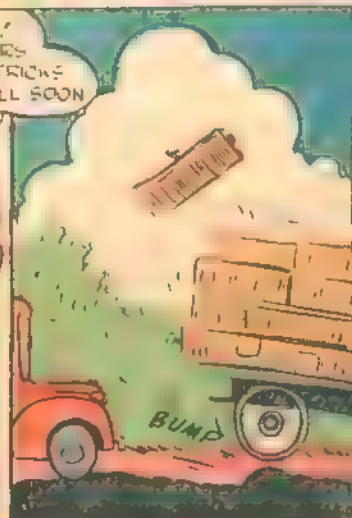
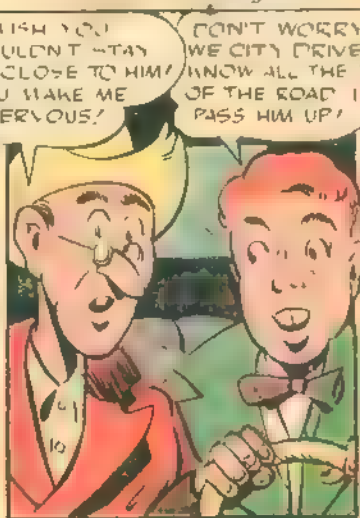
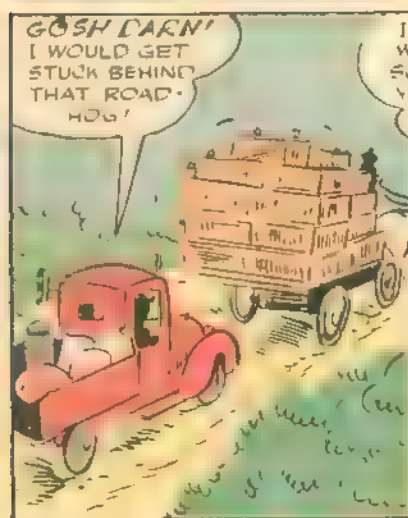
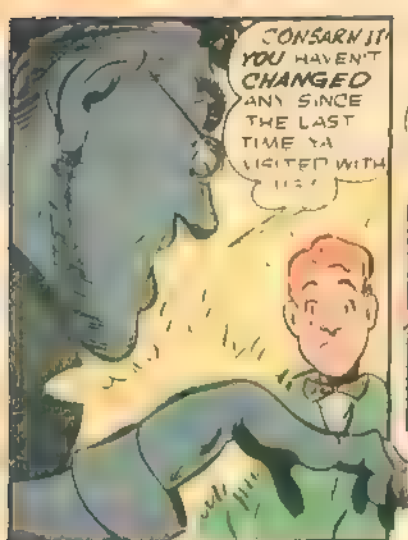


HOLD IT SAM I'LL HAVE IT OFF IN A MINUTE!

OOOOO--- I'LL NEED AN AMPUTATION FER SURE!

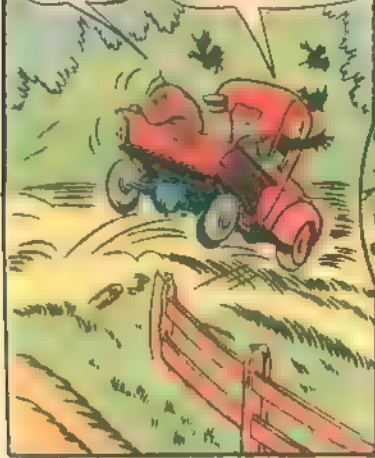
I TRIED TO TELL HIM ABOUT THAT BEAR TRAP!



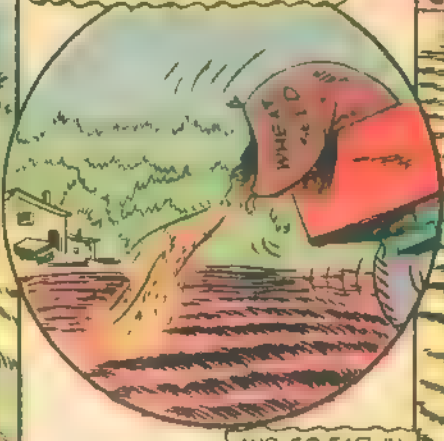


SHOO, SHOO
DARN
YOU!

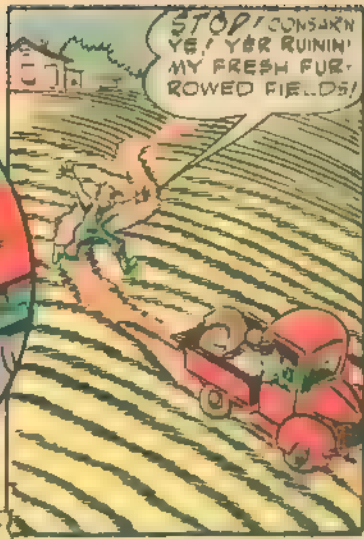
ARCHIE! WATCH
OUT! WE'RE GOING
OFF THE ROAD!



RIGHT THROUGH FARMER
RAMSEY'S NEWLY PLANTED
CORN FIELD.....

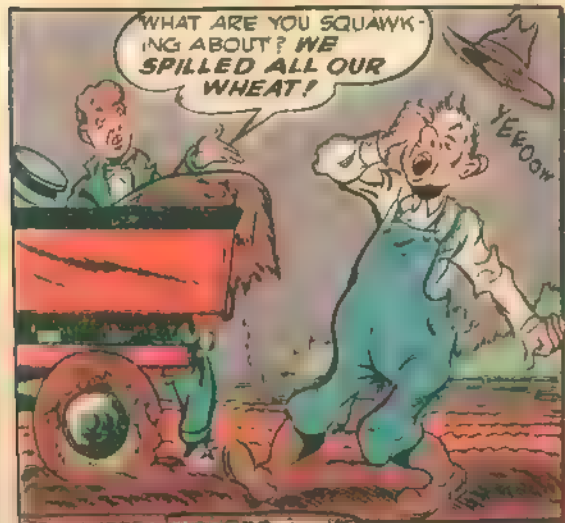


STOP! CONSNARN
YE! YER RUININ'
MY FRESH FUR-
ROWED FIELDS!



AND SO FAR IN-
TO THE NIGHT--

KEEP ON PICKIN' DAG NAB
IT! I AIN'T LETTIN' YA GO
TIL YE'VE PICKED EVERY
ONE O' THEM **WHEAT**
GRAINS OUTTA MY
CORN FIELD!



WHAT ARE YOU SQUAWK-
ING ABOUT? **WE**
SPILLED ALL OUR
WHEAT!

YEEOW

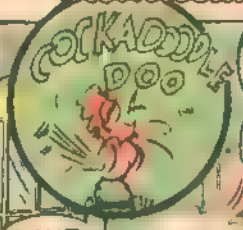
NEXT MORNING....

AND LATER, WONDER WHAT
KIN BE KEEPIN' SAM SO LONG?
OH, I HEAR A MOTOR, THAT
MUST BE SAM AND ARCHIE
NOW! THAT BOY SHOULD BE
A BIG HELP TO SAM!



HELLO, AUNT
AGGIE!

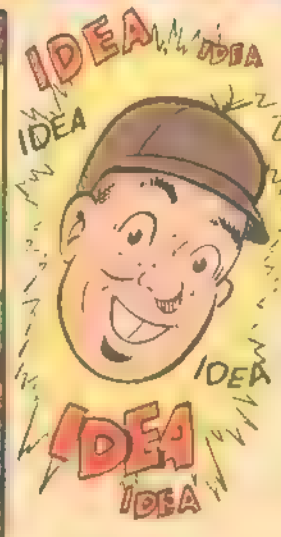
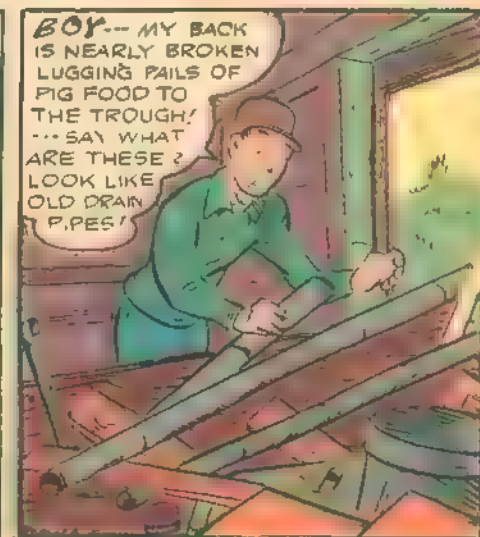
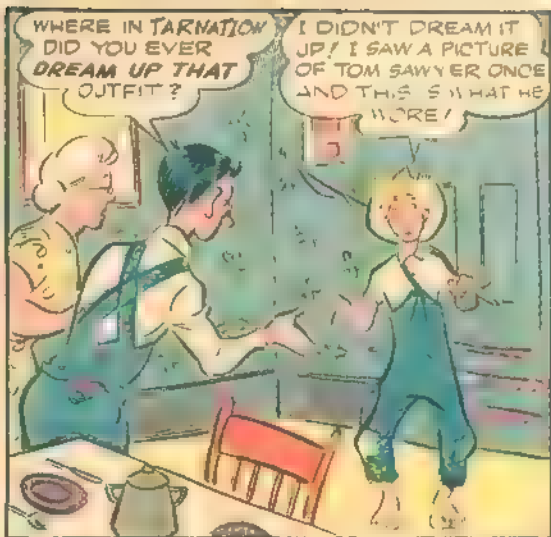
OOO MY
BACK! MY
HAND----
MY HEAD!



LAND
O'GOSHEN
WHATEVER
HAVE YOU
BEEN UP
TO, SAM
ANDREWS!

SUCH A SPECTACLE
YOU MADE OF
YOURSELF LAST
NIGHT! I HOPE YOU
DIDN'T PUT ANY
WRONG IDEAS IN
NEPHEW ARCHIE'S
HEAD!

LET'S NOT
TALK ABOUT
IT, AGGIE! IS
THE BOY UP YET?



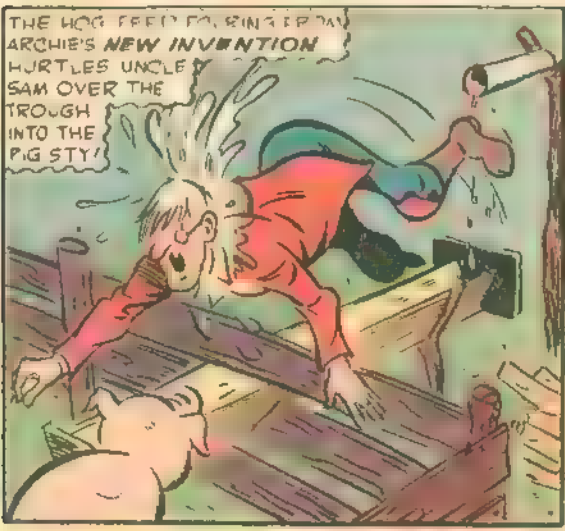
BY CRACKY! WHAT'S ARCHIE UP TO NOW WITH ALL THAT HAMMERING?



OH WELL AS LONG AS HE KEEPS OUTTA TROUBLE I'M SATISFIED!



THE HOG FEED DOOR FROM ARCHIE'S NEW INVENTION HURTTLES UNCLE SAM OVER THE TROUGH INTO THE PIG STY!



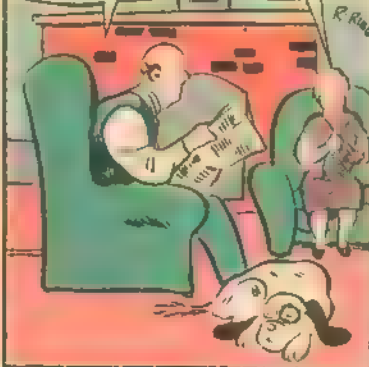
AND INTO THE FIG PUDDLE



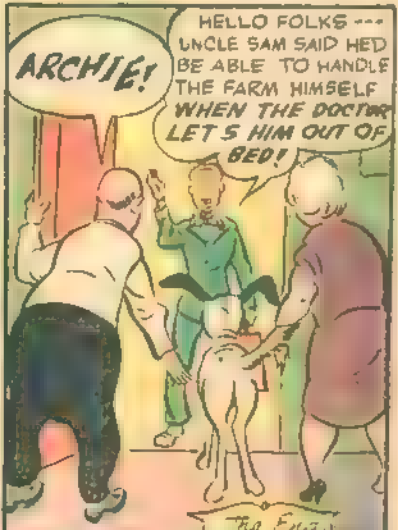
SLUP SLUP



THAT NIGHT.... THE FARM WILL DO ARCHIE (AND ME) A WORLD OF GOOD! MAKE A MAN OF HIM!



I SUPPOSE SO (SIGH)... OH, THERE'S THE DOORBELL! I'LL ANSWER IT!



ARCHIE!

HELLO FOLKS --- UNCLE SAM SAID HED BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE FARM HIMSELF WHEN THE DOCTOR LETS HIM OUT OF BED!

There is no Rationing on *Laughs*

IN THE NEW MAY

ZIP
COMICS!!



ALL THESE BRAND NEW, UNBELIEVABLY FUNNY FEATURES APPEAR
IN THE MAY ZIP COMICS! MAY ZIP WILL APPEAR ON SALE
ALMOST ANY DAY, NOW! TAKE A TIP, BUY **ZIP**!

BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD



A THICK PEA-SOUP FOG
HANGS OMINOUSLY OVER
LONDON'S THAMES RIVER. IT
IS NIGHT AND THE EERIE AT-
MOSPHERE IS PUNCTUATED BY
THE LOW MOAN OF TUGBOATS.

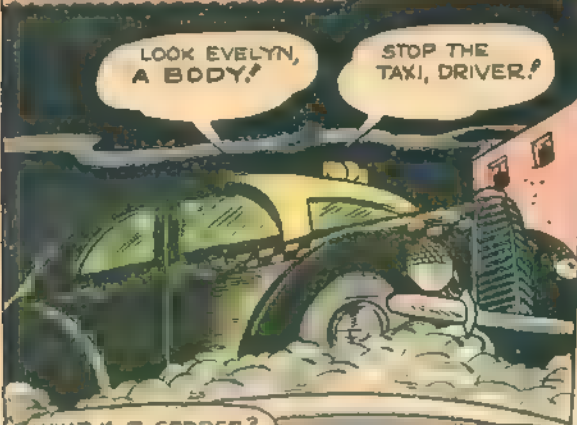
IN AN EFFORT TO GET AWAY
FROM HIS STUFFY OFFICE, **BENTLEY**
OF SCOTLAND YARD STROLLS THROUGH
THE RUINED CITY.

SUDDENLY HE COMES UPON THE
WEIRDEST CASE OF HIS CAREER ----
AS HE STUMBLES OVER A
CORPSE WASHED UP ON THE
BEACH-- A **GRINNING CORPSE!**

COME WITH **BENTLEY**
AND TRY TO HELP HIM
SOLVE -----

**THE CASE OF THE
LAUGHING
CORPSE!**

GAS BENTLEY EXAMINES THE "LAUGHING CORPSE"
- TAXI DRIVES PAST -



LOOK EVELYN,
A BODY!

STOP THE
TAXI, DRIVER!

AND THERE'S
ANOTHER MAN
BENDING OVER
IT! I WANT TO SEE!

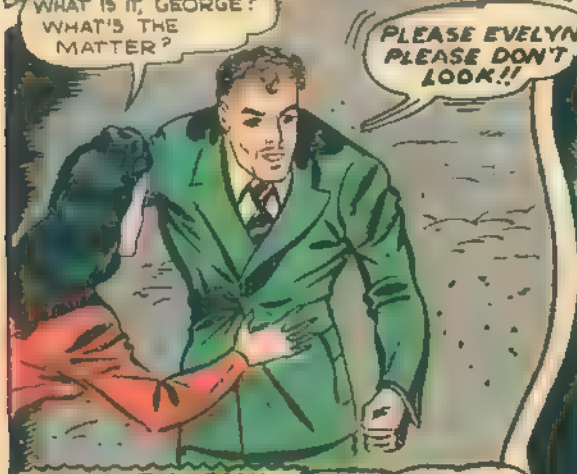
KEEP BACK!
THIS IS NOTHING
FOR A WOMAN
TO LOOK AT!



WHAT IS IT, GEORGE?
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

PLEASE EVELYN!
PLEASE DON'T
LOOK!!

OH NO!!
IT'S--- IT'S JOHN
MY HUSBAND!



MEANWHILE BENTLEY
FETCHES A "BOBBY"

HURRY UP,
OFFICER! A
CORPSE HAS
BEEN WASHED
ASHORE!

RIGHTO!

BLIMEY 'E
CERTAINLY IS
ALL WASHED
UP, EH SIR?



LOOK AT
HIS FACE HE'S
LAUGHING!

I'M BENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND YARD!
HAVE THE CORONER EX-
AMINE THIS BODY TO DE-
TERMINE HOW HE DIED!

I'LL DO
THAT, SIR!



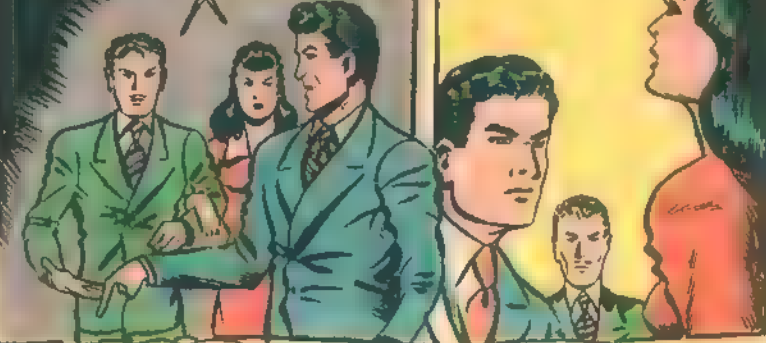
* "BOBBY" IS THE ENGLISH
NICKNAME FOR A POLICEMAN!

NOW YOU TWO---
I'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING
HERE? WHO ARE
YOU?

MY NAME'S
GEORGE MARINER.
I WAS DRIVING
PAST WITH MRS
FRAGGUS, HERE
AND WE JUST
HAPPENED TO SEE
THE BODY?

THAT'S TRUE! THE
B-BODY OF M-MY HUS-
BAND -- YOU SEE ---
I--I- DIDN'T LOVE
HIM ANYMORE---

... B-BUT TO
FIND HIM **DEAD!**
MURDERED!
IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!

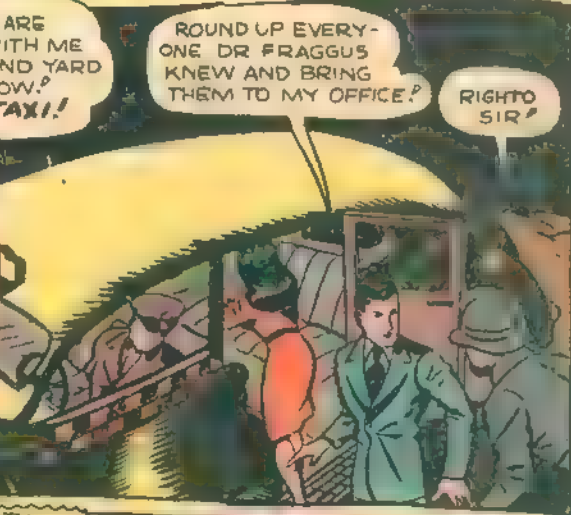


HMM, WHY SHOULD
MRS FRAGGUS THINK
IT'S MURDER WHEN
IT COULD JUST AS
EASILY HAVE BEEN
SUICIDE !!!

YOU TWO ARE
COMING WITH ME
TO SCOTLAND YARD
RIGHT NOW?
TAXI, TAXI!

ROUND UP EVERY-
ONE DR FRAGGUS
KNEW AND BRING
THEM TO MY OFFICE?

RIGHTO
SIR?

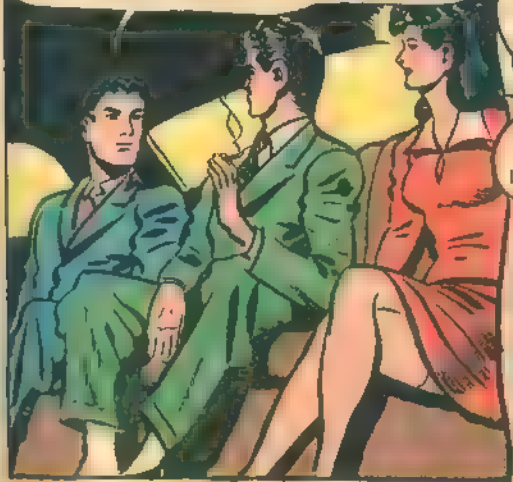


ENROUTE TO SCOTLAND YARD--

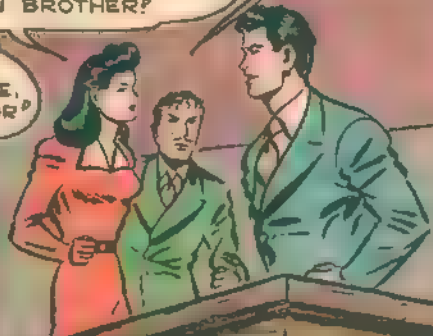
I'M HOLDING YOU BOTH ON
SUSPICION OF MURDER! I
KNEW YOUR HUSBAND BY RE-
PUTATION, MRS. FRAGGUS. HE WAS
A WELL KNOWN DENTIST! BOTH YOU
AND YOUR BOYFRIEND HAD PLENTY
OF MOTIVE TO WANT TO GET RID OF
HIM. YOU'D INHERIT A TIDY FORTUNE!

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE
ME, MY HUSBAND WAS BROKE.
THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY
WHO HAD ANY MONEY, WAS
ELI FRAGGUS--JOHN'S
TWIN BROTHER?

WHERE'S ELI, NOW?
THAT'S WHAT I
WANT TO KNOW!



THAT'S
NOT TRUE,
INSPECTOR!



JUST THEN THE DOOR
OPENS AND THE BOBBY RETURNS!

HERE YOU ARE SIR!
THE HOUSEKEEPER,
MRS TRIGGS, AND
ELI, MR FRAGGUS'
BROTHER? I FOUND THEM
BOTH AT THE
FRAGGUS HOUSE?

ELI!! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN TOWN?

MR ELI WAS JUST
ABOUT TO LEAVE
TOWN WITH THIS
SUITCASE FULL OF
MONEY?

ANY EX-
PLANATION
ON
ELI?

YOU HAVE NO
RIGHT TO BRING ME
HERE? I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
THIS. THAT MONEY
IS MINE?

THAT'S TRUE, MR.
BENTLEY! THE MONEY
BELONGS TO ELI! HE'S BEEN
AWAY FOR YEARS! I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW HE WAS
BACK IN LONDON?

HMM
VERY
STRANGE?
I WONDER--

HE RETURN-
ED YESTER-
DAY, MRS
FRAGGUS?

--- IS THERE A RAZOR
IN THAT SUITCASE? I
THINK I'VE GOT A
SOLUTION?

WHY--ER--
YES SIR?
THERE IS?
'OW DID YOU
KNOW?

AT THAT VERY MOMENT---

WHO TURNED THE
LIGHTS OUT?

INSPECTOR BENTLEY?
WHERE ARE YOU?

BANG

UGHHH--
ARRR!!

WHO FIRED
THAT SHOT?...
WHERE ARE THOSE
DASHED LIGHTS -
OH! HERE WE
ARE!

BENTLEY!
IS THAT YOU?
ARE YOU HURT, SIR?

OH NO, I'M NOT! IN THE
DARK I DUCKED OVER TO THIS
DOOR! SOMEONE TRIED TO
SHOOT ME, BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED
IN KNOCKING OUT SOMEONE ELSE!

THE PERSON WHO
TRIED TO DO AWAY
WITH ME, IS THE
MURDERER I'M
LOOKING FOR!

AND THAT
MURDERER IS
**SOMEONE IN
THIS ROOM!!**

BENTLEY BY EXAMINING
THE CLUES HAS FOUND OUT
WHO THE MURDERER IS.
CAN YOU DO THE SAME?
THE CLUES ARE IN THE
STORY---- CAN YOU GUESS
THE IDENTITY OF THE
MURDERER? IS IT.....
MRS. EVELYN FRAGGUS -
- WIFE OF THE DENTIST???
GEORGE MARINER -
- HER BOYFRIEND???
ELI FRAGGUS -
- BROTHER OF THE DENTIST???
MRS. TRIGGS -
- THE HOUSEKEEPER???
THE POLICEMAN???

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY SURE PACKED A FILE-DRIVER!

WHY IT'S GEORGE WHO HIT YOU?

THE MURDERER HIT GEORGE-TRYING TO GET ME! AND HE'S **DR. FRAGGUS!**

MY HUSBAND THE MURDERER? B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! HE'S DEAD!

OH NO HE'S NOT! THERE IS YOUR HUSBAND! **YOU ARE DR. JOHN FRAGGUS!!** YOU WEREN'T MURDERED AT ALL! YOU KILLED YOUR BROTHER, **ELI!**

Y-YOU'RE CRAZY!

I'M FILLING YOUR TEETH WITH A HANDFUL OF KNUCKLES - THIS VISIT!

THREE CLUES POINTED TO THE ONLY POSSIBLE SOLUTION! ONE WAS **THE CORPSE FLOATED!** TWO, **THE HORRIBLE LAUGHING GRIN ON THE VICTIM'S FACE,** AND THREE, **THE RAZOR!!**

NOT SO CRAZY THAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE EVIDENCE? YOU WERE HARD UP AND NEEDED MONEY! SO WHEN YOUR BROTHER ELI CAME TO TOWN, IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR YOU TO KILL HIM, SHAVE OFF YOUR MUSTACHE AND CHANGE CLOTHES! PRESTO, YOU BECAME YOUR BROTHER!

COME BACK HERE, DOCTOR---

WITH THE RAZOR, THE DOCTOR SHAVED OFF HIS MUSTACHE TO ASSUME THE IDENTITY OF HIS TWIN BROTHER! THE BODY **FLOATED** BECAUSE THE LUNGS WERE FILLED WITH **GAS!** AND THE GRIN ON HIS FACE PROVED THAT IT WAS **LAUGHING GAS!** AND ONLY A DENTIST HAS ACCESS TO IT!

The 97 Pound Weakling

Who Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll prove that YOU, too, can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension." It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peppy? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2734, 115 E. 23rd St., New York, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS,
Holder of Title, "The
World's Most Perfect-
ly Developed Man"

CHARLES ATLAS,

Dept. 2734, 115 East 23rd St.,
New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

